361

SANTI QUARANTA (SARANDA)

(facing p. 86)

POPULATION AND RELIGION

771 Mixed marriages are common in spite of the vast differences between Moslems and Christians.

162 Tirana, the capital, has about 35,000 in-
• 361 habitants, Durazzo (Durrës), the main port
504 of Albania, has 9,739, Valona (Vlona), second important port of Albania, 9,110, Elbasan 13,800, Scutari (Shkodra) 29,209, Argyrocastro (Gjinokastra) 12,500, Korça 25,000, Berat 10,500, Pogradec 3,400, Leskovik 2,500, Permet 3,000, Santi Quaranta (Saranda), the third port of Albania, 2,000, Delvina 4,000, Fier 3,700, Kruja, Kukës, Prizren Peshkopi, Dibër, Libohova, Kavaja, Lesh, Butrinto, Lushnja, Llixha, etc., are also well populated. San Giovanni di Medua is the fourth port of Albania. Butrinto Bay is also a harbour, measuring about a mile by 1,300 yards and has very good anchorage in 14 and 16 fathoms.

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

An Intimate Glimpse into Albania

361 IT is like stepping from one world into another to visit Albania. Its naturalness and quaintness, which goes hand-in-hand with the native customs and costumes are still retained. It is a country of wild, unconquered mountains which have infused their strength into the inhabitants and given justification to their name: "The Eagle Men" —*Shqipetars.* These vast towering mountain ranges with their majestic peaks and forest-clad slopes, make up almost the whole of Albania, and have rendered invaluable natural assistance as barriers to attacking enemies. Their grandeur fills the human soul with awe before their solemnity. The picturesque towns, perched in the laps of these magnificent guardians, are studies for those interested in folklore. Situated as they are on tiny plateaus, with part of the towns straggling up the side of the mountains, and the narrow, little streets winding their way between high walls, they are invaded with an air of mystic knowledge that has been mel-

361 lowed into them and is to be found in no other place in Europe.

These little hamlets are constant sources of surprise with their old traditions, native [619] songs and legends. In the more distant fastnesses of the mountains, the natives live in tribes as their ancestors did before them, generations ago, each tribe having distinctive ornaments for their costumes. There are hundreds of small farms scattered throughout the mountains; some in the valleys, others clinging to the side of a mountain, and still others perched on the summit of the lower knolls and even a few on the rocky heights. Their implements and methods are of the simplest 312 variety. Irrigation is their chief way of watering their fields, for water is plentiful. This delicious, cold, spring water has many sources in the heart of the mountains and is inexhaustible. The natives dig small channels, and where necessary, they make troughs for the water and lead it in zig-zag fashion down the mountain-side to their farms. There is nothing more refreshing nor cooling than this icy-cold fountain that Mother Nature has given the Albanians.

000 Albania is also a seat of historic interest,

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania E61

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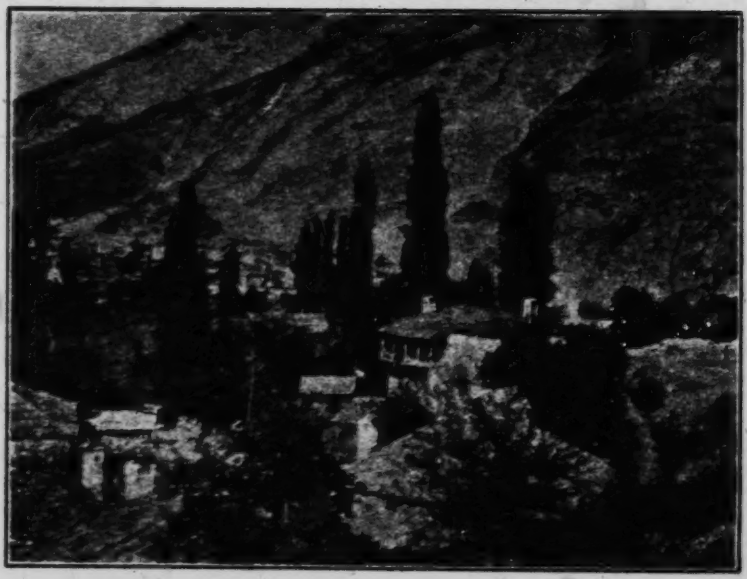

A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN TOWN IN ALBANIA

(facing p. 110)

ALBANIA YESTERDAY AND TODAY

245 olive groves cover the surrounding hills turning them into lofty, dark mounds of rich olive-green. Amid all of this rolling naturalness
258 of Mother Nature, the new factory for refining the local oil gives it a startling note of modernity. There is oil in plenty in these rich regions.

• 361 Rounding the corner of a hill, a sheer wall rises in the near vicinity, with a few, ancient spires soaring above it. Upon approaching the wall, its height becomes more apparent and which proves to be the historic old town of Elbasan, over which there hangs an aura of historic romance. This high wall gives the small city a most oriental appearance which is in truth, a reality, for Elbasan was founded by Sultan Mohammed II for the purpose of suppressing the natives of this district, because, in 1566, at the time of his conquest, there were few settlements in this region. The Sultan therefore built the town which
[103] is now known and called Elbasan, a word of uncertain derivation, but most probably being the Turkish *el basan*, meaning "*land subduing*," and which in all likelihood, was a copy of Alexander the Great's foundation of
000 Smyrna. Here also Mohammed II left several

[In the heart of Albania towards Elbasan --Analyst]

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

as the basis of the language of the whole country.

The majority of the villages between Tirana and Elbasan are Moslem, due to the invasion of the Turks. Many of these little hamlets have preserved the tradition of having received visits from the mighty Scanderbeg the Great, the national hero.

A view of Albania from an aeroplane, is like looking down upon a checkerboard of blazing colors. On one side, the home-made brick huts of the peasants situated on the pebbled-banks of the river amid waving green fields of maize, and on the other, the sun-burnt stucco of the new buildings, surrounded by lovely old-fashioned gardens, with the bright mosaics of the mosques with their golden spires lending rich hues to the already bewildering mass of color, a subject fit for an artist's brush. The ancient in contrast with the modern—past and present walking hand in hand. Age old fortresses and castles and modern buildings; narrow, winding streets and wide, spacious boulevards; palaces of glistering white and the ageless ruins of bygone glories. This thriving country, seen from the air, seems to glitter and shimmer

ALBANIA YESTERDAY AND TODAY

361 under a bright sun amid the encircling majestic heights of the mountains, leaving the observer a well-stored memory of the ageless mystery of the country, the charming graciousness of the people and scenery never to be forgotten.

543 If one were to set before himself the map of Europe and tried to find the one country in Europe that has been the seat of the greatest controversies, the land of the most invasions and exploitations, the most disputed territory of all Europe for many hundreds of years before Christ up to the twentieth century, that country would in truth, be Albania. For these reasons, the National Museums of Tirana, Elbasan, Fier, Valona and those of the other Albanian cities are treasure houses for those interested in archaeology and history, for there are to be found many relics of these influences. There are priceless and interesting excavations of prehistoric Albania as well as many valuable pieces from the Greco-Roman period. It is also necessary to mention here the marvelous Acropolis of Fenike, the porticus and the various statues and busts from Pojani. There are hundreds of other pieces of historic value that are worthy of notation here, but

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

361

A THOROUGHFARE IN TIRANA

(facing p. 1134)

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania E 41

Tirana

• 361

TIRANA, capital of Albania, founded in 1600 by Suleiman Pasha, has grown, in the last few years, from a small town to a large, modern city with flowered squares and gardens surrounding the many café houses and other places of amusement, and with well-lighted streets, comfortable hotels, residences and prosperous business houses, wherein beats the heart of a progressive nation.

The city is located in one of the fertile plains of Central Albania, surrounded by a chain of pleasant hills rapidly rising to more lofty heights, and dominated over by the Dajti mountain which rears its majestic head 5,000 feet above the city. From this point is seen one of the most beautiful of panoramas in Albania with the gentle undulating hills to the sparkling Adriatic; to the north are mountains of impressive grandeur rising to breathless heights; on the south and east are farms scattered over the plains which, from

TIRANA

361 this height have the appearance of a colorful checkerboard of the gods.

363 Tirana also has many modern boulevards, recently laid, equalling the cement boulevards of any cosmopolitan city, as well as all the modern conveniences that one finds in other capitals of the world.

367 In the large city park, music is provided every afternoon by the Royal Court Orchestra and where people promenade to the strains of Beethoven, Puccini, Strauss and Wagner.

644 In the center of Tirana is located the beautiful Royal Palace, lying in the midst of an

351 immense, well-cared for garden. This garden is one of the show places of Tirana and has a large collection of rare flowers.

344 Also in the central part of the city in a vast square are to be found a group of modern and most convenient office buildings, wherein the various departments of the government—the Prime Minister's office, the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the Ministry for Interior Affairs, the Ministry of Finance, the Ministry of National Economy, the Ministry of Public Instructions, the Ministry of Public Works, the Parliament and others—are housed.

000 All foreign legations, except that of Great

Durazzo

361 IN a setting that has no rival in Europe, is the small town of Durazzo (Durrës), which Cicero called "admirabilis urbs," the summer residence of King Zog I. There is great historic charm about this ancient city with century-old narrow streets reminiscent of the days of swaggering Roman invaders—crumbling fortresses and towers, battered by many fierce attacks of yore, grim sea walls that tell of slumbering memories, all in vivid contrast to the modern city that Durazzo has become.

Situated at one end of a natural bay, with stately mountains forming the immediate background, this unique city has advantages that are the desire of every vacation seeker. The neat white stucco houses with dim, cool interiors, and on the outskirts of the town, a few small red, mud-brick native cottages, form a vivid contrast to the sapphire blueness of the Adriatic Sea and the dark, olive-green grandeur of the mountains upon which half of the town is built.

361

A VIEW OF DURAZZO

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM DURAZZO

(facing p. 148)

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

Scutari

103 OF all the cities in Albania there are very few that can lay claim to as much romance as can Scutari (Shkodra). In the past it has seen the foreign invaders swarm all around in the neighboring districts 712 only to be repulsed at the walls of the Rozafat Citadel which surrounds Scutari.

• 36 This ancient city in northern Albania is encircled by the lofty peaks of the north Albanian Alps and is situated on the southern extremity of the lake of Scutari at the conflux of the Bojana, Drin and Kiri rivers.

175 The Labeatans, a branch tribe of the Illyrians, resided in this district about two centuries before Christ, when for a time Scutari was the capital of Illyria. King Gentius ruled over this strongly fortified city until 168 before Christ, at which time the Romans occupied the city under Praetor Ancicius. It was left to the Emperor Diocletian to unite the city into the Roman Empire and he named Scutari as the capital of the province of Praevalis; in this capacity it remained until

Valona

THIS colorful city of Valona—the ancient Aulon—(Vlona in Albanian language) presents the charm and beauty of past ages and in addition can boast of rapid, modern progress. The fascinating old ruins of Moslem architecture are perfect representatives of the skill employed in by-gone years, combined with the beauties of the natural scenery of sea and mountains, make an unbeatable vacation land.

Geographically, Valona lies across the Adriatic Sea from Brindisi and is one of the cleanest, friendliest and sympathetic cities that a tourist may find anywhere. One of its startling features to a stranger is the countless number of storks that fly around the city and make their homes on the roof-tops. Strange to relate, in this connection, Valona is not the most populous city in Albania!

The fashionable place for promenade in this lovely town is the modern city park laid out to occupy a city block and consists of an enchanting variety of trees and flowers. An-

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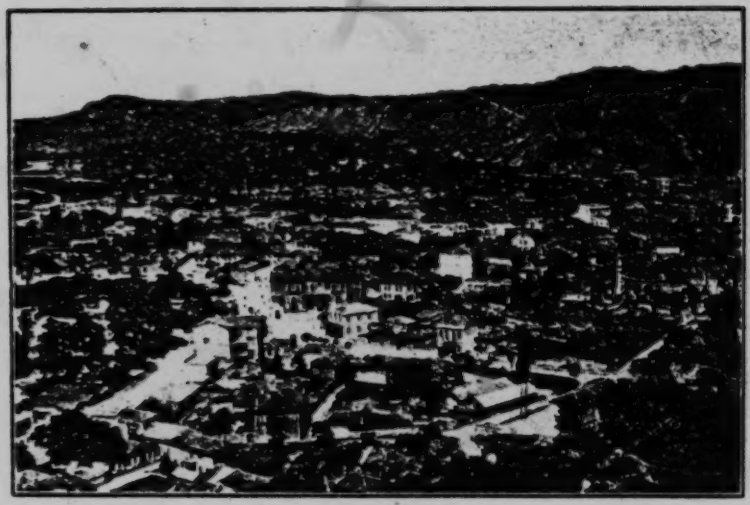

VALONA (VLONA)

(facing p. 158)

Korcha

• 361 438 ORÇA (sometimes referred to as Korcha and also as Koritsa) is the central terminus for Albania. It lies in one of the most fertile plains of Central Albania which is under intense cultivation. This causes Korça to be rich industrially for here are located three tobacco factories, a large sawmill and an alcohol factory. Near Korça are rich coal mines, vineyards, and so forth.

Several of the principal roads connecting Albania with Yugoslavia on the north and with Greece on the south and east meet here. To this valued and fortunate location Korça owes her importance and her development into an exceedingly up-to-date center for trade and traffic which enables her to transport materials of all kinds to and from all parts of the country.

The King Pyrrhus, of historic renown, was born in this district in which the city of Korça now stands.

342 Each home in Korça is surrounded by a garden enclosed with a wall made of light-colored stones giving the residences an appearance of wealth.

KORÇA

colored stones, giving the residences an appearance of wealth.

Korça is now the residence of the head of the Albanian Orthodox Church.

The local hero of Korça is one Themistokli Gërmeni.

About 70% of the Albanian immigrants to other countries come from Korça.

Korça is two and a half hours by automobile from Florina, Greece, where the railroad comes from Salonica northward. Thus making Korça the point nearest to railway connection.

[Errata: should be was until recently Cf. Errata sheet, p. 269, cat. 116 -- Analyst]

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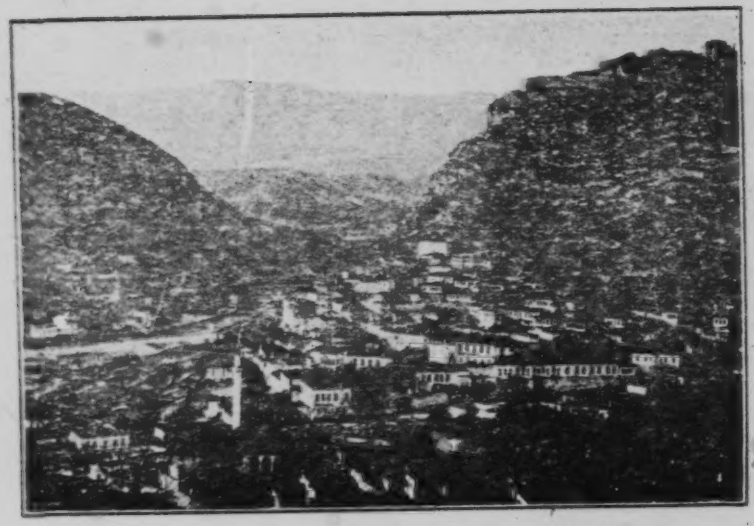

BERAT AND THE BERAT FORTRESS

(facing p. 162)

Berat

361 THOSE who have seen Berat have been justly profuse in praising it. With its stately old Cathedral and many interesting and unique churches and mosques, and above all its splendid castles, gems of architecture, it is worthy of its high reputation and the admiration of all peoples. The ruins of the fortresses and once handsome loggias only enhance the beauty of this city.

The town itself lies on an unsurpassingly picturesque defile of the Osum River, and resembles the exquisite pictures by the old masters of quaint cathedral cities.

In this city stand many palaces of those old noble families, as the Vloras' and the Vrionis', who centuries ago held the power of princes in their own districts.

Here to-day all is fraternal harmony with Moslem and Christian living side by side.

245 The principal means of livelihood of the inhabitants of Berat is the olive trade, which is supported by all the vicinity as the chief crop.

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 AlbaniaEG1

Alessio

• 361 ANOTHER city wealthy with memories of the past is Alessio (Lesh), the ancient Lissos, situated southward from Scutari on the left bank of the Drin River. This city still lives in the shadows of its ancient glory; the great ruins of her ancient [344] Acropolis and the strong, old Citadel sur- [345] round the present-day St. Nicholas Church which is built on the same spot where the St. Nicholas Cathedral stood, which was Scan- [778] derbeg's burial place in 1468. Sometime after Scanderbeg had been laid to rest here, the Turks, entering Alessio, made his tomb a place of veneration.

It was to this town that the chieftains of central Albania invited Scanderbeg to come when they offered him their allegiance. This great warrior had many faithful followers among the families of Alessio, and upon one of his visits, twenty-five years after he first went to Alessio to become their ruler, Scanderbeg died here.

Alessio (Lesh in the Albanian language)

ALESSIO

361 Alessio (Lesh in the Albanian language) is easily accessible from all points of the compass. One of the newer roads terminates at San Giovanni di Medua, Shën Gjin in Albanian, which is a small port in the northern part of Albania.

This village, with a population of 3,000, is rapidly becoming a thriving town although it is more dominated over by Scutari. Here has 491 been built a new bridge, one of the government projects, across the Drin River, however, the ancient bridge has not been demolished.

000 From a historic standpoint this charming town has enough to occupy an archaeologist for some time, not to mention the lovely setting of which Alessio is justly proud.

Kruja

• 361 RUJA is one of the oldest towns of Albania. It is situated in a highly strategic position 1,500 feet up the mountain side and the great, well preserved [712] ruins of the Scanderbeg fortress loom like a sentinel over the town. On account of its fortified walls, many of the houses, some dating from the early fifteenth century, have escaped from the ravages of the invaders. And thus one finds all types of interesting architecture scattered throughout the city which bear mute witness to the influence of those who for so short a time tried to gain a foothold in this unconquerable country.

To one whose eye is ever eager for the adventurous and romantic setting, they need travel no further. Approaching Kruja from the south, the beholder feels as if he had taken a centuries-long step backward. The whole aspect is mediaeval. The town clings to the mountain side and every corner turned makes one tingle with anticipation for the unexpected. This lovely gem of an old world town

KRUJA

• 36/ with cobble stone streets creeping between rows of houses, its beautiful old mosque—all guarded over by the proud monarch on the hilltop which saw Scanderbeg the Great and his faithful followers drive the Turks from the country.

From the top of the tower it is possible to get a magnificent view of the country for miles around. On clear days Durazzo and the heavenly blue of the Adriatic make a picture that comes straight from fairyland.

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania EG1

Pogradec

• 361

THROUGH many narrow, shady and cool dales and over steep, majestic slopes, first along the Shkumbi River and then, after much winding and twisting, along the Langajaka River, we reach the town of Pogradec on the emerald shores of the charming Ochrida Lake, one of the prettiest in this more southernly district.

Pogradec is much visited by all who know of its fresh and invigorating climate in the summer; the Albanians themselves consider it one of the best and most healthy of summer resorts.

It is a small, clean, prosperous town encircled by some of the most beautiful mountainous scenery in Albania. The town is also noted for its friendly and hospitable appearance which adds much to the natural charm of its surroundings. It is essentially a city for relaxation with its marvelous fishing, and also because here there is wine and tobacco aplenty.

Other Towns of Interest

• 361 O anyone familiar with Albanian history the name of Tepelene is well known. For this town, in southern Albania, is the birthplace of Ali Pasha Tepe-
[312] lene, born in 1741. The castle of this leader still stands although part of it has sunk into ruins. During the days of Napoleon one of the country's greatest fortresses stood near this town.

Argyrokastro (Gjinokastra) is a progressive city where many of the old families of this region live in comfortable homes. Being
[346] the largest city in the district it is a market place of note. The famous Ali Pasha Tepelene resided here for some time and his castle still remains. For the art devotee, the interiors of the churches, convents and mosques of Argyrokastro will give unfailing delight.

The city of mosques in Albania is Leskovik.
[346] Here are many of the most beautiful specimen of mosque architecture to be found in
[346] the country. There is also a large bazaar in Leskovik that will interest even the most seasoned traveller.

361 seasoned traveller. The climate in this small town is delightful due to its position at 930 feet above sea level.

Kavaja, an agricultural center, is also the seat of many excellent schools. Tobacco is the [249] main crop in this vicinity and the tobacco leaves are marketed at Kavaja. There are also large fruit groves intercepted by vegetable gardens.

[342] Fier, a rich and prosperous town, is the market place of cereals. As these crops are among the largest in Albania, the wealth of the town is understood. As Fier is only forty minutes from Pojani, the majority of the valuable excavations from Apollonia soon [543] found their way into the artistic museum of Fier. This collection from Apollonia in Pojani is as rich as that from Butrinto.

Lushnja is important in Albanian history as the city wherein that memorable congress convened which confirmed Albania's independence in 1920.

504 Santa Quaranta (Saranda), a port of 361 southern Albania, lies in that strip of coastline which, by reason of its beauty of scenery and vegetation, merits the name of Riviera of Albania. It is the third port of Albania with

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 AlbaniaEG1

a good harbor and here connections may be made with Janina and Florina, Greece, by steamer. This service is very regular and frequent. Also, Butrinto is only two hours distance from this port.

Almost lost among vast gardens, vineyards, orange and olive groves lies Delvina, on the road to Korça. This lovely little town is like a miniature paradise, so pervaded is it by the rich perfumes of flowers and fruit and many ladies have wished that its essence were in bottle form!

Have you ever looked at a miniature water color where the vari-colored roofs visible above tree-tops on a high hill and at the base a river gurgles along and wondered if such a place ever existed? It does. The picturesque little town on the hill is Përmet and the laughing river that goes tumbling along is the Viosa. It has to be seen to be believed.

Of all the towns there is surely not one that has such a tragic past, one so full of willing sacrifices, as has Voskopoj. In 1753 it was one of the largest cities in Albania and now it is a tiny village of about 400 inhabitants. In 1753 this city was a center of culture, of intellectual achievement, with 60,000

3: Redlich S-3 (no date) 1936 EG1 Albania E61

• 341 inhabitants. A few years later, in 1769, robbers annihilated the city, but was later rebuilt. During the world war, in 1914, the Greek forces attacked the city, and in order to drive the enemy from this district Salih Butka, leader of the Albanian troops of this vicinity, evacuated the city and had it burned to the ground. This was a supreme sacrifice of the people, but the plan succeeded and the Greeks left the district.

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

big courtyard gates, and having no windows to the street on the ground floor. Like all Oriental houses, they are only of two stories; the upper, which contains the living rooms of the family, being reached by an outside wooden staircase under cover of the broad pent of the roof projecting over the landing or gallery on which all the rooms open.

In more remote towns, such as Prisrend or Skodra, the streets look dreary and deserted in the extreme, besides being extremely narrow and ill-paved, if paved at all, and the bazaars and shops are exceedingly mean and poor. The furniture consists chiefly of a low divan with very hard cushions, a few chairs and a mirror, and the lime-washed walls are sometimes decorated with a dado representing a landscape, executed in the crudest possible style chiefly in one colour. A shelf often runs round the walls to hold the copper *ibriks* and other utensils, and above it are hung the rich assortment of arms which is the pride of every family.

In the mountain districts the houses of the beys are complete fortresses, being surrounded by high walls pierced with loopholes for musketry. Only in times of open hostility, however, is it necessary to take any precautions against possible foes, for an Albanian's notion of honour does not allow him to slay a man in his own house, deadly as may be his feud with him. The villages of these districts are generally remote from each other, perched in high and inaccessible situations. The furniture of the cottages is limited to a few mats and rugs, a *sofra*, the low stand on which meals are served in Turkish

4: Garnett B-4, 5 (ca. 1880) 1891
EG1 Albania EG1

fashion, a well-scoured copper pan to mix the meal in, a wooden bowl or two, a few horn spoons, a copper *ibrik*, or coffee pot, and a brass lamp. One of the two rooms is used as a storehouse for the maize or grapes, which are spread out and sprinkled with salt in order to preserve them. The other serves as general living and sleeping apartment, where the fire is made on the floor, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof. Each house has its garden well stocked with fruit and vegetables, and its tobacco plot, surrounded by a high loopholed wall. Each village has, too, its green, in one corner of which is the paved threshing-floor, where the grain is trodden out by horses.

The physical appearance of the women of Albania varies according to the district they inhabit, the tribe to which they belong, and the conditions under which they live. The Skipetars of the Drin and the Gheg and Miridite women of North Albania generally are tall, handsome, and well-made, having good complexions and not infrequently fair hair, which, as the following verse from one of their folk-songs shows, is much admired:—

O maiden so tender,
No pipe of Vizier
Was ever so slender
As thou art, my dear!
The soft silken tresses
Of thy yellow hair,
The glad breeze caresses,
Like flax threads are fair.

They are also dignified in demeanour, capable of undergoing fatigue and hardship, and exceedingly courageous.

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 "He is a good man, and brave," said the bishop, "and little Sokol will be a great one."

At noon the rain was still pouring from apparently inexhaustible skies, but Cheremi, Rexh, and Perolli assumed, as a matter of course, that we would go on; the difficulty was that there [361] were no mules. There should have been a mule in the village, whose houses were scattered, miles apart, all the way down the deep-walled gorge to the banks of the River Shala, twenty-five miles away, but when Cheremi hastened lightly up a twelve-hundred-foot peak and cried to the farthest house that we wanted mules, the answer came back that there were none since the war.

So he found an aged man—seventy-five years old, he was, but still agile and bright eyed—and put our packs on his back, and at noon we started out on foot, with fresh-peeled staffs provided by Rexh, and new-baked corn bread in the saddlebags.

576 202 After an hour of desperate climbing we stood on the peak from which Cheremi had telephoned. The bishop's house and the school lay dwarfed beneath our feet, and Perolli, standing on a rock and holding his ears, sent down to them a shrill hail. "Ooeeoo! Monseignor!"

The bishop appeared in his woolen gown, a rifle in his hand, and all the guns in our party went off at once, and again, and again, while fifty miles of sheer rock cliffs barked back at them. My hands were over my ears, but I saw the three answering white puffs from the bishop's

[Pultik, in Albanian [88] Mountains -- Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

000 361 feet above our heads. He gestured toward three cone-shaped peaks of solid rock that, rising steeply from the gorge three thousand feet below, rose to some hundreds of feet above the level of our eyes. Little Rexh, silent and watchful as ever at Frances's side, translated his words.

"There is an old city," he said, "the city of Pog. He says it was built by his people, men of the Land of the Eagle, a hundred years before the Romans came."

"Tell him to wait where he is," we exclaimed, for, looking again at the nearest cone-shaped mountain, we saw on its top traces of old walls, and on its sides what might once have been a circling road, and we clambered up the trail to ask Cheremi about it.

"It is a very old city," said Cheremi. "It was built before men began to remember." Standing on the edge of the trail, which was also the edge of the gorge, he looked over perhaps a quarter of a mile of space to the sharp-pointed peak of rock. In one hand he held his rifle, its butt resting on the rock at his feet; the thumb of the other hand was thrust through a fold of the scarlet sash about his loins, and the sun, appearing blindingly at that moment in a rent of the clouds, shone on his wet white skin and made it shimmer like satin. The deep seams worn in his leathery face by forty years of childlike, mischievous mirth became shallow (an unaccustomed look of solemnity had ironed them out) and, looking straight and unwinking at the sun, he said, "The

[1 Albanian gendarme accompanying author's expedition -- Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

sun is now the only living thing that saw that 361 ●
city built."

We shaded our eyes with cupped hands and looked at it. The world was suddenly all aglitter, every leaf a heliograph, every giant slope of rock reflecting a thousand rays, and our eyes watered. But, gazing steadily, we saw the fragment of a wall, and below it, curling around the tall, slender cone of the mountain, traces of a road that had been walled, and a broken flight of four broad steps, torn apart by the roots of a tree. It was the only tree we could see on the three-thousand-foot height, but, like all the others of the forests, it was a gnarled, branchless trunk; its young boughs had been cut every spring to feed the goats.

"Does anyone live there now?"

"No," said Cheremi. "It[1] is the place where 776
the ora love to sit, and sometimes one hears them crying, like trees in a wind, when there is no wind. But no human person lives there."

"What is an ora?" I asked, when Perolli had translated.

"An ora—a spirit of the forest, soul of a tree or a rock.[2] Nature spirits," said Frances. "You know the Greek oreads? Well, that's the Greek name of the Albanian ora; the Greeks got them from the Albanians."

"And they still live in these mountains?"

"Apparently. Did you ever see an ora, Cheremi?" she asked him, in Albanian.

"No. Very few people see them. But I have

1 [Ancient city of Pog -- Analyst] [45] 2 [see also pp. 61-64 pp. 66-76 -- Analyst]

PEAKS OF SHALA

776 heard them singing, and once, in the Wood of the Ora, which we will pass to-morrow, I heard 761 them talking together in the twilight. I heard 776 them say that my cousin would die," said Cheremi, seriously.

"And did he die?"

"Of course," said he, surprised by the question. "He was a strong man, but within six weeks, sitting beside the fire one night, he said that he felt a pain in his heart, and in an hour he was dead." Cheremi crossed himself.

361 "But about the city of Pog. Does anyone ever go there? Could we go there?"

People sometimes went, he said; the shepherds always went to cut the branches of the trees, which belonged to the tribe of Pultit. How far was it from where we stood? He thought for [804] a time, and said, "Four hours." Albanians have no measure for distance except the time it takes to walk it, and this time corresponds with no measurement of ours. He had said that our walk of that day would be an hour and a half; we had already been exhausting every ounce of energy and breath for four, and were scarcely a third of the way.

"What does one find when one gets there?"

"Very little. There is the old wall which you see, and on the rock one can follow the lines of the walls of houses, built square and with many rooms, and from the rocks which have fallen they must have been tall houses. That is all, except that on some of the large stones one can

1 [The ora or nature spirits-[46] Analyst]

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see that the sun circle was carved. Everything 361
else has been eaten by the great flocks of years.
But there is still treasure buried there." 173

"How do you know?"

"I know because I have seen men who have seen it. There is a man of Pultit whom I know. He went to the old city of Pog one day with his goats. There had been a great storm and part of the wall had fallen. Before that day the wall had had a corner, where now you see nothing. Where the wall had fallen there was a golden image of a man, as large as himself, shining in the sun. The man of Pultit forgot his goats in looking at it. It was too heavy for him to carry, so he took a stone and broke off four of its fingers, and with them in his sash he went to get his brothers to help him carry away the image.

"But it was night before he reached their house, and they said it was better not to go to that city until morning. In the morning they went, and where the image had been there was nothing but stones. Afterward, in thinking of nothing but that image, the man went mad, and he now lives alone and naked in the mountains, talking to the ora and begging them to take him again to that image. But before that he sold the fingers to the gold beaters in Scutari, and they said those fingers were of the purest gold and not alloyed, as gold is now. I did not see the fingers, but many did before they were beaten into ornaments."

"What do you think became of the image?"

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already climbing up the cone-shaped pinnacle of Pog.

We went on, up and down the trail, over mountain after mountain that at home no one would dream of climbing. The rain fell again, bringing premature night down with the flood of water, and again we came into clear weather and saw all the colors of sunset on the clouds below and around us.

Many times we passed above villages that [361] clung like mud-daubers' nests on the cliffs below the trail, and once Cheremi stopped at the trail's edge and, closing his ears firmly with his thumbs, sent out into the interminable miles of air the clear high note of the "telephone call."

A voice from the depths responded, and, searching with our eyes, we discovered a white-and-black figure among the rocks some hundreds of feet below. Then this conversation ensued:

"Are you a man?"

"I am a woman of Shoshi, married in Pultit."

"What is the name of your husband?"

"The name of my husband is Lulash."

"Say to your husband, Lulash, that Cheremi is on the trail. Cheremi goes to Plani with four strangers from far away and with a Mohammedan youth of Scutari. To-night Cheremi will be in Plani. Say to Lulash that he may bring to Cheremi in Plani the hundred kronen which he owes him."

"I will say to my husband, Lulash, that Cheremi is on the trail. Cheremi goes to Plani

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423 578 "Well," said Perolli, "I pity the chiefs of that village."

"But where do you suppose she got the idea?"

"Heavens knows. Who can tell what women will think of?" said Perolli.

We left her standing on the cliff edge, still superb and still defiant, the cigarette in her hand and the blue beads twinkling at the ends of her braids. A bright scarlet handkerchief was twisted around her head, and her wide belt, thickly studded with silver nails, shone like armor. A picture of revolt, and I thought what a catastrophe she must be in the peaceful village to which, clinging and dropping from bowlder to bowlder, we were descending.

"Will we see her again?" I asked.

"Oh, she'll probably drop in during the evening. She looks like a woman who would," said Perolli.

• 361 The village was perhaps fifteen houses, clustered on flat land at the foot of the cliffs. Beyond it, a creamy blue flood swollen by the rains, the Lumi Shala ran straight between the mountain [32] ranges. A score of little streams, stone walled and crossed by tiny stone bridges, ran through the village, and all the land on which it stood was cut into odd-shaped pieces by many stone fences and raised channels of stone for irrigation water. Dropping down into that village was rather like being a very small gnat descending on a piece of half-made honeycomb.

ooo All the earth was sodden with water; we sank

PEAKS OF SHALA

7/56 609 The shouts redoubled, rifles cracked from every rock, the church bell wildly rung, and through the clamor, deafened and a little dizzy, we came into the village of Thethis. The four chiefs, having greeted us ("Long life to you! Glory to your feet! Glory to the trails that brought you!" they said) preceded us up the last breathless quarter of a mile of trail, and all along the way the boys turned handsprings on the cliff tops.

361 The village of Thethis is built on the plateau that tops the gigantic, shiplike rock wedged in the narrow head of Shala Valley. All around it rise the mountains, snow capped, seamed with white waterfalls like rich quartz with streaks of silver; the shadows of them lie almost all day long across the village. Thethis itself is perhaps thirty large, oblong stone houses scattered at wide intervals on the flat land, and all the land is divided neatly into squares by stone fences—some fields for corn, some for grain, some for meadow. In the midst stands the church, two stories, oblong and gray like the houses, and a network of trodden paths leads to it.

It seemed a quiet, peaceful place. But on the mountains above it to the north the Serbian armies lay; their mountain-trained eyes were doubtless watching us as we crossed the sodden fields. This is the village, these are the chiefs, whose houses were destroyed by a company of soldiers sent from the struggling Albanian government in Tirana. The Serbs held the Albanian

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cities where the men of Thethis have always gone to market; the grazing lands where they have always fed their sheep lie in the grasp of Serbian armies. Scutari, the nearest free Albanian market place, is a hundred miles away across two mountain ranges. Therefore it was said that Thethis was friendly to the Serbs; it was said that her men still went to market in the Albanian cities that are now clutched by Serbia, that spies came and went across the border, that the chiefs listened to the clink of Serbian gold. And Alex and I remembered that in Thethis we were not to address Rrok Perolli, secretary of the Albanian Minister of the Interior, by his real name.

But he was behind us on the trail, doubtless still engaged in trying to get breakfast for Frances in the house we had left, and we went forward with easy minds to meet Padre Marjan. He came barefooted and bareheaded across the fields to welcome us, a thin, ascetic-looking man in the brown robes of the Franciscan friar. Large brown eyes burned in his face that seemed made of bones and stretched skin, the grasp of his thin hand was hot and nervous. He spoke to us in Albanian, Italian, and German, ushering us with apologies into the bleak rooms above the church.

The Serbians and Montenegrins, in their drive down toward Scutari, had looted the church, he said. He had come into Thethis two months ago, and found not even a wooden stool left. He was doing his best, but it took time ——

we said little. The sheets of rain blurred our sight, and the sound of it dulled our hearing. But when we began cautiously to climb the slippery trail that edged up the mountain side, exercise had begun to warm us, and we escaped from the silence which is to human beings a more unfamiliar element than water.

"How can he be the richest man in the Five Tribes? I thought these people were communistic," said Alex.

"The tribes own only lands and houses and most of the forests," said Perolli. "A man or a family can own flocks, or buy and sell when they go down to the cities. Sadiri Luka's the richest man because he went down to Ipek. He was a merchant there, and everyone is rich in Ipek. How I wish I might show you that valley, my own valley—it is more beautiful than you can imagine. There are such rich fields—the cows stand knee deep there in greenness like a carpet—and the best fruits of all the Balkans grow there. And butter, and honey, and fine flour, and quantities of the finest wool that makes the beautiful rugs of my people—there is everything in Ipek that you could wish to have, and both hands running over. I mean," he added, grimly, "there *was*. Yes, Ipek was a rich and happy place before the Serbs came. And if Sadiri Luka——" He broke off, on such a savage note that we were startled.

"You see," he resumed with a note of eagerness, stopping to point with his staff, "just over

PEAKS OF SHALA

river. From time to time we struggled through a waterfall, and there was one huge torrent that, leaping from a cliff above the trail, arched over it in a curve that seemed solid as glass, and we passed beneath it. Then, descending, we came to the little valley of upper Thethis. Perhaps six or ten houses were scattered there, among broken-off fragments of cliff as large as they, and between them all the level land was glistening with water at the grass roots.

The house of Sadiri Luka was notable for its stone-walled courtyard and its broad balcony. The heavy arch of the gateway was mediæval in its grim solidity; we escaped from the rain to the peace of its shelter, and there were welcomed by Sadiri Luka. He was middle-aged, sturdy, even a little stodgy of figure, among the lithe mountaineers, and this appearance suggested the successful business man—a suggestion incongruous with his picturesque clothes. His trousers were the purest white that new wool can be, his fringed jacket the densest black, the colors of his sash were clear and gay, and his silver chains were massive. There was even a heavy silver ring on his finger. And there was no rifle on his back.

The courtyard was a litter of cornstalks, almost entirely covered with a roof of woven branches; evidently it was the home of flocks now out in the rain attended by a shepherd cutting leaves for them. An arched doorway opened into the first floor of the house, where we saw a pensive

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000 "You aren't really going into Albania—all alone?" she gasped. "Why—won't you be killed?" The shipload of passengers crowded the rail to watch us descend the swaying ladder, and gazed as the safe crowd watches the lion tamer, divided between admiration for daring and contempt for such senseless waste of courage. The weight of this mass opinion swayed even my friend, who said, nervously, as we went bobbing across waves of green water: "I wish I hadn't listened to you in Budapest. I wish I'd brought the gun they told us to bring."

"Nonsense!" I said, firmly—and would have believed no fortune teller who had told me I was lying—"we'll be safer in Albania than in New York." And with irrational, vicarious pride I pointed out to her the many masts of sunken ships around us—remains of Austrian and Italian cruisers impartially sunk by Albanians during the Great War.

361 As the boat came nearer to the yellow walls of Durazzo I gazed with complacency on the ruins of the palace of the Prince of Wied, the German king forced on Albania by the European Powers just before the Powers themselves leaped at one another's throats. In 1914 the Albanians rose and drove him out with their rifles; his palace is a ruin now, and the palace grounds are a public park. But all Durazzo is built upon ruins, for it was an ancient city when the Romans built the towers and walls that still surround it, and there are still cafés on the sites of the cafés where

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Cicero sat with parchment and stylus, writing home to Rome for money to pay his way back—because, as he admitted with some chagrin, he had wasted all his substance in that merry and wicked city. Even for Cicero Durazzo had, in addition to its living charms, the flavor of antiquity, for the Roman city was built on the ruins of the older Albanian seaport.

A year earlier there had been no automobiles in Albania, but now, to our surprise, we found a valiant small Ford waiting at the pier, and engaged it at once to take us to Tirana, forty miles away. Our baggage was a problem until the chauffeur of a government truck, addressing us in French, volunteered on his own responsibility to take it to the capital for us. "Pay? *Mais, non!*" said he, hurt. "You are Americans, and the stranger in Albania is our guest."

The road from Durazzo to Tirana crossed the low mountains that, from Trieste to Valona, make the endless monotonous eastern wall of the Adriatic. When you come over the crest of them you see lying before you the green low central valley and the farther blue peaks of the lands of the hidden tribes. And everything accustomed, everything commonplace, everything that reflects ourselves to us, is left behind. Gray water buffalo, flat-nosed, curly-horned, monstrous beasts that seem risen from depths of primeval slime, plod down the road drawing high, narrow wagons of wickerwork on huge wooden wheels. Shaggy, small donkeys carry picturesque folk down the

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ernment spoke of peace, demanded peace, and— 175
determined to have peace—set about disarming 727
the Ghegs in the very face of their enemies. 578

This was the Albania into whose capital I 1000
blithely rode, in the rattling little Ford, on that spring night of 1922. I pass over all the minor political disputes, the ambitions of selfish men, the mistakes of foolish ones, the bitter rivalry between Elbassan, to the south, Scutari, to the north, and Tirana, in the center, for the honor and profit of being Albania's capital. Tirana 361 •
was, tentatively, the capital; made so because it was everywhere conceded to be the least progressive, the most hopelessly Mohammedan, the most dangerously un-Albanian city in the country. The government had made Tirana the capital for the same reason that the teacher puts the worst boy of the class in the front seat. But this was no solace to Scutari or Elbassan.

Tirana, the white, low town, drowsed in the sun; water rippled in the gutters of the winding, walled streets; donkeys laden with cedar boughs, the brooms of Tirana, carefully picked their footing on the uneven cobbles; women with gayly painted cradles on their backs trudged behind the donkeys. Men in rags of their homespun white garments and Scanderbeg jackets and colored sashes sat all day on the low walls around the mosques. The fez makers, amid their piles of raw wool and mixing bowls and heating irons, were talking politics, and so were the men in the street of the coppersmiths, which is musical from

[In spring 1922 [301] -- Analyst]

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day to sunset with the sound of little hammers beating glowing sheets of metal. At noon the *hodjis* droned their long prayers to Allah from the minarets. At sunset their voices wailed again, above the sound of clattering hoofs and tinkling bells as the flocks came home to the courtyards. Then the sunset left a yellow sky behind the dark blue mountains. The air was so still that the bells of a mule train, winding down to Tirana on the far-off foothill trails, chimed with the sound of running water in the gutters beside the courtyards' mud-brick walls. And the Cabinet Ministers of Albania came out to walk.

They walked in a row, sedately, hands behind their backs, and after them marched their escort, a single row of soldiers. They walked down from Government House, the square two-storied building behind a half-ruined wall; they walked past the Tirana Vocational School and, turning in front of the painted mosque, by the two Cypresses of the Dead, they went past the block of little shops that is Main Street, past the cemetery filled with toppling turbaned stones, past the large white barracks where soldiers sang of Lec i Madhe, and out on the Durazzo road. Then they came slowly back, and slowly went out again. With them on this same way walked all the men of Tirana, for this is the custom at the sunset hour. And we walked, too, saying at intervals: "Long may you live! Long may you live!"

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133 symmetry into a tangle of high and broken ranges. The valleys they enclose are narrow but fertile, and from them powerful streams pursue their twisted courses down to the Adriatic.

361 Albania has many times been overrun in the strife of empires for the control of the Straits of Otranto; and it is in the almost inaccessible fastnesses of the interior rather than in the rich coastal plain that the remnant of the Illyrians have made their homes. There they have found freedom; for, so wild and rugged are the mountains, and so poor the prospect of wealth which they offer, that none of Albania's conquerors have attempted to rule them except in name.

To this day the majority of the Albanians live in the mountains; but at different times — when the growth of population in the highlands has pressed too hard upon the means of subsistence, or when political conditions have been favourable — families have moved down to the plains or to the towns. Thus, in the seventeenth century, under the protection of Islam, the tribesmen of the North flowed back into the Kossovo. But [181] the trend has been a slow one; for the Albanians prize freedom above all else, and many that have descended to the plains have returned again to the mountains. The plains are rich, but, as the malaria saps a man's strength, so work on the big estates destroys his independence, and submission to the laws of the conqueror corrupts his soul. Thus the lowlands have ever been the province of the foreign overlord, and it is in the mountains, beyond the reach of invaders and guarded by the armed might of the clans, that the moral and material strength of Albania resides.

642 The steep and rugged mountains, the deep and pathless forests, the drifts of snow in winter, and the spate of the rivers in spring and autumn have preserved the Albanians from foreign conquerors. But these obstacles to communications, which have so often turned back hostile armies, have operated powerfully against the growth of a centralised Albanian state. Geography has thus combined with contending foreign Powers to promote disunity among the Albanians. The ancient Illyrian and Pelasgian kingdoms were seldom even allied, and, under the Turkish Empire, the country was divided for political and

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from the baroque splendours of Lecce and the bourgeois pleasures of its black-market restaurant.

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We rose at daybreak and emerged from the sheepfold to find ourselves on the edge of a broad grassland plateau set in an amphitheatre of rock peaks. This was broken only towards the east, where a wooded gorge led down towards the village of Shengyerg. The scene was impressive but desolate; for, although the thaw was far advanced, there was at this height but little sign of spring. Moreover, such snow as still remained, mostly on the higher slopes and in ravines seldom reached by the sun, was everywhere thickly powdered with grey dust. This phenomenon was widely observed that year in the Western Balkans and was attributed by scientists to a recent eruption of Vesuvius, four hundred miles away.

We breakfasted off hard-boiled eggs and presently set out towards the valley with an escort of a dozen of the guerillas. We went slowly, for we were not yet in training, and, after some four hours' walk across the plateau and down the gorge leading from it, came out on to a ridge overlooking Shengyerg. There we halted and through our glasses studied the white houses scattered over the hillside, each at least half a mile from its neighbour. Among them, distinguishable from the others only by its squat minaret, stood a mosque; for despite its name, which in Albanian means Saint George, Shengyerg was a Moslem village. We could detect no sign of anything untoward and so made our way quite openly down to the house which belonged to Seymour's interpreter, a schoolmaster named Shaqir. There we stopped for a midday rest and, after restoring our carbohydrates with a bottle of cherry brandy — a most welcome gift which the British Mission had sent us in greeting — attacked the lavish if starchy fare which our host presently set before us.

Shengyerg was a place of some strategic importance for it was the terminus of a motor road, at this time still blocked by

[late April 1944 -- Analyst]

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All of these men had taken part that autumn in the rising against the Italians, and many had seen their homes burnt and their livestock slaughtered in the accompanying reprisals. They had fought, however, with spirit, for they had been exasperated by Italian rule, and had believed that the hour of liberation, and of looting, was at hand. Now the situation was very different: they bore little hatred against the Germans; for the German yoke sat upon them lightly, and, in their remote regions, months might pass without their even seeing a German soldier. They knew indeed that an Allied victory was certain but, although they meant to play their part in the final destruction of the enemy, they had a wholesome respect for his ruthless ways. Only six months before they had risen in premature revolt; the price had been heavy; and they intended to make doubly sure of the fruits of victory before they again exposed their families and property to the risk of reprisals.

They received us with every mark of friendship and respect, but we saw that they would not easily be moved to fight. The fear of reprisals had become an obsession with them; and, when we urged them to take the field, they only pointed to the ruins of Burrel and to the gutted houses which in almost every village recalled the passage of an Italian army. Burrel [361] was the capital of Mati, built by King Zog as the model provincial city of Albania. It had once numbered some ten thousand inhabitants and had boasted solid public buildings, schools, a hospital, and modern houses such as had never been seen in these backward regions. In the rising of 1943 the clansmen of Mati had rushed the town and captured it, driving the Italian garrison back into their fortified barracks. The Italian command in Tirana had despatched reinforcements to the relief of the garrison; but Abas Kupi had lain in wait for them on the Qafa Stamm pass and for three days had disputed their crossing of the Skanderbeg range. Meanwhile the men of Mati had looted Burrel and decimated its defenders. In the end the Italians had reoccupied the city, and had set fire in revenge to every building in it. Nothing now remained but the gutted shell of its buildings, altogether deserted, with

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ABAS KUPI (SMELLING A ROSE) WITH TWO CHIEFS FROM THE TIRANA MOUNTAINS

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1 [Cf. cat. 116, pp. 121-122 -- Analyst] THE ZOGIST HEADQUARTERS AT SHUPAL [-116 b-]

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While Abas Kupi had been thus engaged, we had crossed the Kruya road with the main body of Zogists, now commanded by Petrit, and had withdrawn into the mountains to the south-east. There the Agha joined us next day and told us of his meeting. Then, leaving the bodyguard to rest, he led us to an isolated farm-house, where he had hidden his family in the care of a trusted friend. His wife was a large, motherly lady, of curiously Welsh appearance, with sharp features protruding from under a white veil. With her was their daughter, a vivacious girl of twelve, and their youngest son, Rustum, a wide-eyed, graceful boy, who, at the age of fourteen, had already killed his first Italian.

A family is a heavy liability in time of revolution, but, although a devoted father and husband, Abas Kupi never allowed his domestic cares to influence his political decisions. He had, besides, the satisfaction of finding in his eldest son, Petrit, a brave and useful lieutenant, who now acted increasingly as interpreter between us when important business was discussed. Petrit had been interned for two years in Italy at the beginning of the war and had acquired the patience and discretion which prison often teaches. Back in Albania, he had at once taken to the mountains and had fought for a year in the South in the ranks of the Partisans. In the winter of 1943, when the Agha had broken with Enver Hoja, Petrit had followed suit and had brought over to the Zogists a "shock cheta" of some thirty young Partisans. He was deeply respectful of his father and would never smoke nor drink in his presence. At the same time he held very independent views, curiously compounded of Albanian traditional values and the Marxist teachings of the Partisan commissars. The former, however, seemed to predominate; and he once told me that *The Count of Monte Cristo* was his favourite book, adding by way of explanation: "Quelle superbe vengeance!"

Abas Kupi had not seen his family for three months, but stayed with them only one night. Next day we pushed on to the village of Shupal, the seat of the permanent Zogist Headquarters. These were established in a cluster of houses on the summit of a steep-sided plateau, which rose out of the

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*669 [361] valley between Mount Daiti and Mount Bastar. The position was naturally strong and enjoyed a commanding view of the surrounding country. Despite the rain a guard of honour had been turned out to receive us; and we were welcomed by Colonel Yahya Chachi, the Commandant of the Zogist Headquarters, and his staff. This was composed of three former majors of gendarmerie and a former major and a captain of infantry, who all greeted us with the customary Zogist salute, swinging the right arm smartly across the chest. They entertained us royally, providing us with knives and forks which [273] we had almost forgotten how to use, and plying us in quick succession with potent *raki* and good Italian wine. We drank a health to the monarchs of England and Albania — the greatest and the smallest kingdoms in the world — and then toasted each other with appropriate speeches and excessive frequency. This drinking of toasts was to be the cause of some mirth; for Colonel Yahya Chachi suffered from a pronounced squint, and every time he raised his glass to propose a health at the crowded table, two persons invariably replied, each arrested alike by the gaze of his penetrating but divergent eyes. The Zogist staff were friendly disposed, but strangers to Central Albania, and, it seemed to us, demoralised by prolonged inactivity. Their real function indeed was to impress the tribes with Abas Kupi's power, and, if it came to fighting, to man the movement's mortars and heavy machine-guns.

When we had lunched we were taken out in a body to inspect the *cheta* responsible for the defence of the Headquarters.† It consisted of a hundred and fifty ragged men and boys, variously armed with rifles of German, Italian, Austrian, Serbian and Turkish pattern. They were drawn up in two ranks, each of which was dressed with as much precision as the undulations of the ground and the individualism of the guerillas would allow. We passed them rapidly in inspection and were then led to a low eminence where the staff officers assumed appropriately martial attitudes while Colonel Yahya harangued 000 the troops. Maclean was invited to reply; and when he had finished speaking the men placed their rifles between their knees and signified their approbation by loud and prolonged

† [i.e. at Shupal, seat of permanent Zogist Headquarters — Analyst]

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meanwhile to the plain to the house of Ihsan Toptani, to throw a spanner into the wheels of German diplomacy.

A son of Abdi Bey, one of the founders of modern Albania, and a nephew of the famous Essad Pasha, Ihsan was now the head of the powerful Toptani clan. Under the monarchy he had remained aloof from politics, but during the war had shown himself a staunch, if prudent, supporter of the Allied cause. Independent of party, he was yet in touch with all parties and, since he was politically and financially disinterested, his opinion was respected by all. The care of his estates, natural caution, and an instinctive aversion to violence and disorder had hitherto prevented him from taking an active part in the guerilla movement. Instead he had remained in the background, emerging now and then to act as intermediary between the different guerilla factions, or as their link with the political leaders in Tirana. Thus, in the autumn of 1943, he had undertaken the preliminary negotiations between the Partisan and the Ballist leaders, and had acted as host to their meeting at Mukai. Later, in the disasters of the winter, he had taken in Colonel Nicholls and sheltered him during his last agonies. Since that time he had maintained close relations with the British Missions; and it was from his house that Hare conducted his campaign to spread disaffection among the enemy's garrison in Tirana.

Maclean and I accordingly set out with Hare and, crossing the Shupal valley, reached the head of the Qaf Bechit in the late afternoon. This was a precipitous col between Mount Daiti and Mount Berar, over which ran the shorter but less frequented track to the capital. The light was clear and from a jutting crag just below the col I saw Tirana for the first time. The capital city of Albania lies in a broad and fertile plain, surrounded by a crescent of mountains, open towards the sea. Thirty years before it had been little more than a village; now it was a prosperous town, a blend of East and West, boasting a population of some thirty thousand souls. Through my field-glasses I made out slender minarets rising between tall modern buildings, a long rambling suq or bazaar, and several broad, leafy avenues, flanked by whitewashed and red-roofed villas, set in green and shady gardens. There lay the prize for the victors in this many-sided struggle.

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the sun some ten yards back from the road. Behind them through the window of a little wooden hut, I could see two German military policemen writing at a desk. Our coachman shouted some greeting to the gendarmes, and one of them beckoned us on with a lordly gesture. The two Germans looked up for a moment and then went back to their work. The coachman cracked his whip and we rolled into the capital.

Tirana was to us what Damascus had once been to Lawrence; the goal towards which we strained. We had scanned it through our glasses, imagined it in our dreams, and made its capture the myth of our struggle. Now at last I had entered it, though in disguise and not in triumph. The streets down which we drove from the "check-post" were dirty, and presented the usual Balkan contrast of cheap, modern structures, interspersed with hovels. Towards the centre of the city, however, the hovels ceased, and the buildings assumed a more solid, as well as a more agreeable, appearance. Presently we emerged into a broad and pleasing square which was the heart of the city. At one end of it stood a painted mosque with broad dome and slender minaret; at the other an ornamental clock-tower rose above a small public garden, flanked by gay cafés and attractive shops. Beyond the city's heart was its head—a wide crescent of well-proportioned buildings of Italian design. These were the government offices; and, as we passed them, Ihsan pointed out the windows of the Council Chamber, whence Fikri Dine and his colleagues still issued their vain decrees. A few moments later the coachman pulled up in a narrow street at the entrance to Ihsan's Tirana home. Immediately opposite stood a German sentry, on duty outside the Hôtel Metropole, where the *Gestapo* had made their headquarters.

We went indoors and were presently joined first by a friend of Ihsan, who had known that I was coming, and then by an agent of Abas Kupi who had recognised me as we drove into the town. They told us of the latest arrests made by the *Gestapo*, and also brought us a summary of an important speech by the Bulgarian Premier, foreshadowing his government's rupture with Germany. We sat talking for perhaps

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

crests; numerous valleys lie between them, each surprisingly narrow and steep-sided, some 3000 feet deep, all watered by a winter, if not by a perennial, stream, and many branching off right and left into side-valleys. In the district of Martanesh the ranges are rounded in outline, the summits are spreading instead of steep and sharp, large tracts of ground are comparatively unbroken, and in place of the countless valleys and streamlets of the north there are only a few deep ravines, each with a river on its floor.

These geographical characteristics have influenced the tribal cleft which still survives in the population. The main valleys in the north, such as Shalë, Shkrel or Orosh, are each capable of supporting a small unit such as a tribe, but seldom more. Appropriately, then, each is inhabited by a single tribe, which jealously prevents strangers from settling in its territory. The broad spaces farther south, such as the plateaux of Mat and Dibër, or the heights of Martanesh and adjacent Çermenikë, can carry a much larger population, in which no one tribe could hope to maintain its racial integrity or its political supremacy. Consequently, they are non-tribal and peopled partly by indigenous families, partly, at least in the case of Mat and Dibër, by immigrants, all of whom came in small numbers and many within recent memory. To quote only one example of each type, the Kadije family of Lis in eastern Mat is indigenous, and its neighbours at Burgajet, the Zogolli family, are immigrants.

More than the forms of social grouping have been affected by the physical features of the country. The number and height of the mountains have made stock-raising as important as agriculture to Albanians. Both parts of the range that rises sheer as a wall and green with forests from the coastal plain are over 3000 feet high, that of Krujë to the north being 3280–3940 feet and that of Dajt, which forms so beautiful a feature of the scenery round Tirana (Tiranë), 5290 feet—nearly 900 feet more than Ben Nevis and 1720 feet more than Snowdon. The parallel range which bounds the plateau of Mat on the east runs southwards from Mt Nezhdë in Lurë to Mt Dêjë and on to Mt Allaman at a height that is in few places below 5000 feet and is often above 6000 feet. The frontier range is still higher, composed as it is of Mt Çjalicë (8150 feet) and Mt Korab (9070 feet), the former in Lumë, the latter in Dibër. The topmost summits of the Martanesh area, Mt Kaptinë and Mt Lopë, are respectively 6145 and 6630 feet in height; the surrounding ranges average 5000 feet. As seen from Shkodër, the welter of

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGl Albania EGl

There is rough winter grazing among the shrubs especially for goats and cattle, and some agriculture in clearings, but the zone derives its chief riches from the many acres of fertile alluvial soil that adjoin the rivers.

Oaks, tall or dwarf, begin sporadically among the shrubs and continue as thick forests up to a height of 2900 feet near Shkodër and 3300 feet in warmer districts. Among them grow ash, aspen, chestnut, cornel, elm, hawthorn, hazel, hornbeam and limes. The majority of the 1140 villages in north Albania are found in this zone, for it best provides for Albanian needs. Though the soil is dry on the whole, it contains a sufficiency of springs. On the plateaux and gentler slopes there is enough arable land for subsistence farming, all that is possible among these rugged mountains. The copses and woods furnish winter grazing for small flocks and herds; an adjoining mountain furnishes the requisite summer feed. The copses and woods also provide fuel for the log-fires that in Albanian phraseology are 'the poor man's wealth'. Leaves lopped from the oak trees in autumn supply winter fodder which livestock eat with almost as much relish as they do hay, a scarcer commodity. It is this supplement to the grazing in the copses and woods which makes mixed farming possible in this zone; without it many animals could not get through the winter, and their number would have to be reduced. If it is sometimes hot in the forest in summer, the heat is never unbearable, and in winter the cold is never excessive. In general the zone is healthy. A little wheat is grown, but—as everywhere in Albania, the Myzeqe plain excepted—the staple crop is maize. The grain provides food, and the livestock luxuries and government dues as well.

In the next zone beeches grow singly, in small clumps, or in mighty forests such as those between Çermenikë and Martanesh where one may walk for seven hours in the daytime and never catch a glimpse of the sun. Still without roads to carry modern woodcutters and their tools to them, such forests are in the virgin state, the trees self-sown, the strong killing the weak, and the survivors growing bigger and bigger until they succumb in extreme old age to some winter blast, when they lie and rot where they fall. When communications are developed, this waste will stop and these forests become a very valuable asset. No grass grows in them or under isolated beeches, of course, but there are usually grass meadows in the clearings, some of which are enormous. Well watered from the same sources as the beeches and fat with humus

10:Hasluck F-5 (1926-1939)1954 EGI Albania EGI

its defects, of course; sometimes a judge took a bribe or a man bore false witness in spite of the deterrents devised against such malpractices. Yet the legal system worked well on the whole, was often speedier and always cheaper than any European counterpart, and left few crimes unsolved. What chiefly precluded modern Albanian governments from adopting the unwritten laws, however, was their diversity. This was mainly due to the isolation in which the geography of their country compels the mountaineers to live, and the fact that they do not settle permanently at altitudes more than 3000 feet above sea-level, but live on the lower slopes of the mountains enclosing their settlement and in summer graze the upper slopes as far as the mountain crests, where a carefully demarcated boundary indicates the end of their property.

Communications were as dangerous as they were difficult. As a result the principle of delegating one man to represent a big geographical unit was not established until modern times. It was regularly practised in small units, where the delegate had to travel only a short distance, and that through known, if not friendly, country. It was enough that one man should represent his house at a General Meeting of his village or tribe, but it was unthinkable to the mountaineers to hold General Meetings at which laws for the whole area might be passed as in an English Parliament. At best two adjoining communities might meet to settle a dispute about their common boundary or a road or forest, and after much argument make laws about the matter that were binding on both. More usually, a village or tribe drew up or revised rules for its own governance without any regard to what others, ten, twenty or fifty miles away, were doing. The outlines of a law might approximate in different groups, especially if there had been some ancestral connexion between them, but the details of the law were as varied as the minds that shaped them in the various communities.

The isolation in which it lived bred a fierce individualism in each community. This prevented it from submitting to the laws of another, except in an emergency. Then it might call in an elder from outside to decide a case and afterwards consider his ruling law. Such an elder had to be specially renowned for wisdom and sound judgement, and with one known exception his influence never ran far beyond the distance he could ride in safety and comfort from his own community.

That exception was Lek Dukagjini, an ancient law-giver of such

2: Durham B-5 (ca. 1910)1928 EG1 Albania EG1
Historical Albania EG2

nation, which is the greatest, could put into the field more than 15,000 men on horseback, well fitted to wage war in the manner of their country, valiant and good fighters. And the said nations, both Latins and Abbanois, are harshly oppressed under the intolerable and very hard servitude of the most hateful and abominable lordship of the Slavs. Indeed, they are a downtrodden people; their clergy is lowered and humbled; their bishops and abbots often imprisoned; their nobles disinherited and imprisoned; their churches, both cathedrals and collegiate, are dispersed and deprived of power; their monasteries and priories lost and destroyed. They, one and all, would think to consecrate their hands in the blood of the said Slavs if they saw coming a Prince of France who would be their leader and chief against the said Slavs, the enemies of truth and of our faith. One thousand French horse and five or six infantry, along with the said Abbanois and Latins, could conquer at their ease the whole of this Kingdom of Rassie, such as it is."

This passage, written almost at the height of Serb power, shows clearly that the Serb conqueror had failed to destroy the Albanian sense of nationality, and failed to force the Serbian Orthodox Church upon the people; and that there was a very large Albanophone population with a Catholic clergy of its own. The bishoprics of Antivari, Scutari, Sappa, and Pulati still exist, and have survived both Serb and Turk. Into this reserve of Albanian nationality the refugees from the surrounding districts fled when the Turks advanced. The mountain population, then as now, was no doubt scattered in isolated houses or family groups of several houses on the mountain pastures, and not gathered into towns or villages. They formed "katuns." That the population was numerous is shown by the many ecclesiastical and political documents, correspondence with the Vatican, Venice, and Ragusa, and old Serbian archives. Thus in 1348 Tsar Stefan Dushan gives to the monastery he is founding at Prizren nine Albanian "katuns" near Prizren, the said Albanians to give serf labour to the monastery. He gives also some land in Upper Pulati, together with its inhabitants. Several still existing place-names are mentioned: Shikje, Krue e Madhe (the great spring of water), and Sakati. "The existing Catholic clergy at Shikje who have vineyards" are to pay a tribute of wine to the monastery (an Orthodox one), and so are certain other districts. The people of Lower Pulati are to pay tribute of 100,000 silk cocoons. Several mills are handed to the monastery and in one case the miller, Zan, and his brethren are mentioned. No one may erect a mill on Church land, under penalty of a fine and loss of the mill. (The Church alone has the right to grind corn. This would give it immense power.) Large districts of Lower Pulati are given to the Serb Church, including the

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania E61

To the Land of the Eagle

485 When I came down in the morning to get a cup of coffee before leaving for Tirana, I found the waiter asleep in the " coffee-room " with the remains of last night's supper on the uncleared tables and every window tightly shut. The noise I made in rushing to open something and save myself from immediate asphyxiation woke him up, and he arose from his bed—to strain a simile to its utmost limits—like Aphrodite from the waves, completed a scanty toilet with the aid of a comb, and attended to my modest requirements in the way of breakfast. At seven the car came and I departed, nothing loth.

494 [505] The car was a nine-seater, and the other passengers, including several Roman-Catholic priests, were going by it to San Giovanni di Medua, whence a steamer connection is maintained with Bari, the Italian seaport on the opposite
● 361 side of the Adriatic. *Rome—Bari—San Giovanni di Medua* is the direct route to Albania, and I was accordingly surprised to find the place so small and insignificant. It contained little more, as far as I could see, than a tiny wharf, a custom-house, a police post, and a few single-storied shacks
504 —mostly coffee-houses—along the waterfront. The bay being very shallow, the steamer was anchored some distance out, and passengers had to be taken aboard by shore boats. But San Giovanni di Medua is no worse in this respect than the other ports of Albania, Durazzo, Valona, and Santi Quaranta, which all suffer, as I found later, from the same drawback. In none of these places is the water deep enough to allow a vessel to lie at the quay.

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

soils his hands with work!—and in the end his project had to be abandoned. Since the wealth of every country comes in the first instance from the soil, this attitude of mind is to be deeply deplored. All possible means of making the soil more productive should be welcomed.

Tirana, the Albanian capital and seat of government, is not a particularly impressive place. Its chief claim to notice, politics apart, lies in its mosques, which are all very beautiful examples of old Byzantine architecture and decoration. The streets are of rough cobbles—very uncomfortable to the feet—and the houses are, for the most part, of one storey only. The shops are the rickety wooden boxes one expects to find in this part of the world, and their proprietors sit, in Turkish fashion, at the receipt of custom.

I lunched soon after my arrival at the Hotel Internationale, which is the centre of the political life of the place. It is frequented by the deputies and their friends, and discussion and argument go on all day long over the coffee-cup and the raki glass. While I was struggling with the menu, which was Greek to me, a lady, seeing my difficulty, spoke to me in English and offered her assistance. She was an American and we got into conversation. One of the first things she said was, "You will find plenty of English here". I was astonished. That there was a British Legation at Durazzo I knew, but that Tirana contained "plenty of English" was news to me. Nor did it seem a place to attract the tourist. The meeting with the American did not surprise me so much, as I knew that there were American

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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secret diplomacy!" And this was the only sidelight that escaped him.

Nowadays, in order to get at the bottom of international complications it is a good plan to "look for the oil". And I have not much doubt that oil was the root of the trouble referred to. Presumably Great Britain, Italy, and perhaps also the United States, were striving to obtain concessions from the

A DURAZZO WAR MEMORIAL

Albanian Government. How serious the quarrel was, and how it was ultimately settled, I can only conjecture. I met, later on, however, both Italian and British mining engineers and learned that preparations were being made by both to begin boring operations, and from this I concluded that some sort of compromise had been arrived at.

From the point of view of the tourist there is not much of interest to be found at Durazzo with the exception of the old

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2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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To the Land of the Eagle

city wall which at one time completely encircled the town and is still, in many places, in good preservation. No one knows its age. The local people assert that it is Venetian, but, as flat brick figures largely in its construction, it is more probably Roman. At the present time roads pass through ragged gaps in the masonry, and houses, of which the British Legation is one, are built in, and on, the ramparts. A small colony of Arabs—Baghdadi by their caste marks—inhabit one of the bastions. One wonders how they came there. In the town there is also a gipsy quarter, as in most other Albanian towns. The gipsies are a peace-loving folk, asking no more than a quiet life with not too much work and plenty of music and dancing. They are, in fact, Bohemians *par excellence*.

I trespassed on the hospitality of the Durazzo Legation for three days and then went aboard the boat for Valona in the company of a King's Messenger, the consul's wife and family, the gentleman who had come out after oil and was now returning to England—whether satisfied or dissatisfied I did not trouble to enquire—and some other of my fellow countrymen whose acquaintance I had recently made.

Durazzo looked exceedingly attractive from the sea. The glittering water was that marvellous shade of blue which is peculiar to the Adriatic. Boats with patched and tattered triangular sails plied between the ship and the shore. The little town of white and yellow houses, bathed in sunlight, lay at the foot of the island-like promontory on which

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

To Valona

it is built. Landwards, fading into a purple haze, stretched 361 ●
the flat marsh. In the far, far distance were the mountains, a rugged line faintly discernible against the background of sky.

The voyage, which took the greater part of the day, was uneventful, and brought us to Valona the same evening two hours late—though that, as things go hereabouts, is considered punctual. The town is a mile or more distant from the port, and as one of the Albanian Ministers was a dis- 000
embarking passenger, a large crowd of his supporters met the boat and commandeered every available vehicle for themselves and for him. In consequence a young Italian business man and I found ourselves stranded at the port with our baggage, and it was an hour and a half before we were able to secure a *carozza* and set out for the town. At [485]
the Hotel Gambino, which appeared to be the principal hotel, our arrival was met with apologetic shrugs and the statement "tutto occupato" (Italian being largely spoken in Valona). And not only so, but we were assured in addition that every house in the town was in a similar position on account of the Minister's visit and the approaching elections. However, we dined, and after dinner raised the question again, whereupon the proprietor made me a speech which began "Comme vous êtes anglais," and stated, as far as I could gather, that a man sitting at the next table had a room which contained two beds, and on account of my nationality had graciously consented to allow me to occupy the empty one. This I did—and hardly slept a wink all

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To the Land of the Eagle

○○○ night owing to the prodigious snoring of my room-mate. I have never heard such an organ-pipe of a snore, or such an alarming accompaniment of grunts, wheezes, and explosive noises of every imaginable kind. To make matters worse —if anything could have been worse—there was a stork's nest on the corner of the roof immediately above us, and the storks replied to the sounds beneath by clashing their beaks like a watchman's rattle.

A TOSC

The snorer, I afterwards discovered, was an Italian visiting Valona in connection with war-graves—or that at least was the ostensible reason of his presence. Personally I think he was a political agent.

Valona, which is a town of considerable size, has an Italian look, and owes, indeed, much both to Italian and to Austrian influence. The Austrians occupied it for some time during the war. It possesses a light railway which is still in partial use, though to what extent and for what distance from the town I was not able to ascertain

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To the Land of the Eagle

361 The village[1] which is the birthplace of the wife of the national hero, Skanderbeg,—its only claim to notice, picturesqueness apart—possesses no inn or wine-shop, and I looked for refreshment in vain. It was a hot day and the walk up the hill had made me thirsty. Some men who met me in what I suppose was the market place, or centre of the village, gave me Turkish delight, good of its kind but hardly what I wanted after my climb in the hot sun, and with that I had to be satisfied. The village gave every sign of being an extremely poor one and many of the houses were in ruins. [291] There was a school in which sat a row of small boys all wearing their white fezzes, for the Moslem headcovering is worn both indoors and out. The castle I did not inspect. It looked more interesting from a distance, a remark which applies to Kanina as a whole.

164 The bane of Valona, as at Durazzo and elsewhere on the coast, is the mosquito, and the inhabitants of the district are great sufferers from the malaria it carries, as well as from 744 other diseases connected with or due to malaria. Certain philanthropic English people—of whom one of the most active is the Dowager Countess of Carnarvon, who has a small house at Valona—are doing what they can, with the limited funds and limited opportunities available, to help the local Albanians to fight the trouble. They have imported two nurses and three V.A.D. girls. The nurses work at the local hospital. The V.A.D. girls—voluntary helpers—superintend the measures which are being taken to treat, with petroleum and otherwise, the breeding and hibernating

1 [Valona -- Analyst]

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To the Land of the Eagle

ooo inn. We sat outside at a table under the vines like a family party, and were joined in true democratic fashion by the driver and the mechanic of the lorry. I thought with regret of the snobbish class-distinctions of my native land. How much happier we should be if only we could abolish them!

361 The Albanian countryside at this spot was but sparsely inhabited, and houses were few and far apart. The occasional villages were tumble-down and poverty-stricken. At one place the mosque had fallen into ruins—perhaps the result of an earthquake—and no one had troubled to build it up again.

181 The Albanian, like the Turk, is something of a fatalist. He is also lazy. Doubtless it was the will of Allah that the mosque should collapse—why, then, trouble to rebuild it?

825 The broken minaret was crowned with an enormous stork's-nest on which stood the owner clapping its long beak. The stork, being a sacred bird, was in no danger, having once established itself, of being disturbed or turned out of its home.

ooo Our way lay amongst mountains—soft green mountains with rounded outlines, very different in type from the jagged rocks of Montenegro. Their sides were splashed with the gold of broom and the yellow of sage, and with the purple of some wild-flower which grew in regular stripes in the crevices of out-cropping rock-strata. The air was scented and soft.

We travelled on for some hours without any incident beyond an occasional stoppage to tighten a bolt, to retrieve

241 a loose nut, or to do some minor repairs to the engine. At length the plain of Argyrocastron came into view—a wide, well-cultivated valley many miles in extent, where green

[near Argyrocastron-- 166 Analyst]

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133 The opposite side of the valley - which appeared to be two or three miles in width—was bounded by a formidable chain of mountains still covered with snow in places unreached by the sun.

361 It was evening before we came in sight of Argyrocastron itself. Rounding a bend of the road we suddenly had a fine view of the town, which occupies three parallel ridges of hill at right angles to the main range, the highest of the three topped by an immense old Turkish fortress, black, rugged, and forbidding. On a fourth, and smaller, ridge is a monastery with cypresses. I have seldom seen a town so finely situated or so impressive at first sight.

The lorry climbed the winding road on low gear and drew up in an open space or square among cafés crowded with people. Work was over for the day and the Argyrocastrians 485 were taking their ease. In a steep cobbled street beneath the fortress ramparts I found an inn. It was merely a pothouse and the accommodation was of the roughest. I secured a bedroom to myself, however—an unusual luxury in Albania, as I have already indicated. The ground floor, with a door opening on to the street, served as restaurant, bar, kitchen, larder, and general living-room. It was furnished with deal tables and benches. On the left of the door was a desk whereat the proprietor kept his accounts. 265 On the right was an enclosed counter with a long metal 485 tray containing lime, on which stood pots full of meat and vegetables slowly stewing. The tray was, in fact, a kind of fireless cooker. On a shelf below the tray were clean knives, forks and spoons, clean plates, and an enormous bowl of

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania EG1

Lorries

494 my calculations, and the fare, for a journey of nearly two days' duration, was after all by no means unreasonable.

The Albanian post lorries are of the familiar military type, and I came across no ambulance waggons like those in which I had suffered such discomfort in Montenegro. There is a good deal of traffic on these roads, not only by post lorries but by other lorries, which also belong to the State. A more or less regular service plies between Santi Quaranta and Koritza, the most important town in Northern Albania, with freight, passengers, and live-stock. I often noticed passengers sitting amongst sheep, lambs, and goats with every appearance of contentment. They did not seem at all incommoded. But in the post lorries, fortunately for me, livestock were not carried.

361 Tepeleni, our first stopping place, was destroyed by an earthquake some years ago and it has never yet been properly rebuilt. At the present time it consists of an irregular 265 street of shanties made of lath and tarred paper. As soon as we arrived the lorry-conductor took me to a restaurant—a [262] lop-sided wooden shack with an earthen floor—where two yokels sat eating maize-bread and yaghourt, and a third man, more opulent, was devouring fried fish with his fingers. [524] Coffee was called for and, despite my protests, paid for by the conductor—little courtesies such as this being the commonplaces of travel in benighted and uncivilised Albania.

505 Beyond Tepeleni a river barred our way. There was a bridge, but it was in ruins like the rest of the village, and the crossing had to be made by a ferry. The roadway on

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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CHAPTER IX

Coal at Koritza—An Economic Problem—A Night at the Metropole—The American School—I Go a-Missionising—In the Middle Ages—A Painful Incident—Converting the Imaum—The Dervish and Omar—"Blessed are the Weak-Minded!"—The Education Question—Women and the Moral Standard—Vengeance! A True Story—Silver and Gold—Italy Again—A Beautiful Lake—At Podgradetz—The Bull-Frogs.

DERVISH PRIEST

KORITZA is a town of some 20,000 361 inhabitants, with several fine new churches, an old Turkish mosque, and a prospect of electric light in the near future. It owes its importance to its situation in the centre of a large plain, one of the chief agricultural districts of Albania. The surrounding [135] mountains contain coal, and during 316 the French occupation coal was exported in considerable quantities to Salonika. Since the war, however, there has been only a little surface mining—just enough to supply the local demand—and though the presence of coal may ultimately make Koritza an industrial centre there are as yet no signs of any such development. Albania is, in fact, in much the same position as Montenegro in regard to mineral exploitation and mining. Not only ooo

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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To the Land of the Eagle

has it no railways, but the country is so mountainous and the population so small and so scattered that without a considerable subsidy from the State a railway could not be made to pay and is therefore a remote possibility. For this reason it seems likely that Albania will miss the blessings—or escape the degradation (whichever way you prefer to put it)—of industrialism, and remain an agricultural nation.

The town has a few smart-looking European shops, as well as one large semi-wholesale store, but for the rest it resembles other Albanian and Turkish towns with streets of cobblers, streets of blacksmiths, streets devoted to saddle-making, harness-making, rope-making, and so forth—all the various trades being segregated, and carried on in the conditions of confusion, dirt, and squalor which are a legacy from the middle ages. In addition there are many cafés, full from early morning to late at night with men who appear to have nothing better to do than sit there playing cards and backgammon. I commented on this fact and was told that it was a sign of bad times and the very serious economic situation of the moment. For this—as for the similar situation in Montenegro—the practical closure of the United States to immigrants is to a large extent responsible. In the past the States have supported a floating population of 40,000 Albanians to whom their own country offered no prospect of remunerative employment; to-day most of these men are at home with nothing to do.

I was often asked about Australia, and whether some scheme might not be arranged by which entry would be

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
Albania E61

871 there is an improvement, and in the principal towns there are
[562] not only schools for boys but schools for girls also. The villagers, however, with the aversion from change and progress which is characteristic of the peasant in all countries, oppose the education of the girls. What do they want with education? Is it not their job to attend to the house, to work in the fields, to wait on their lords and masters and to bear them children? So say these village folk,—and I seem to have heard arguments on the education question, in essentials exactly the same though perhaps not quite so crudely put, uttered by persons in a certain civilised country who ought to know better.

● 361 During my stay in Koritza I explored the town thoroughly The Mohammedan quarter swarms with children—quaint little creatures in all sorts of garments, the girls for the most part wearing the orthodox Turkish trousers. They seem happy enough, though dirty. The Christian section of the town does not lag behind the Mohammedan in this particular, and there are no signs whatever of a decreasing birth-rate. As you walk along the rather narrow streets, open and half-open doorways give glimpses of shady courtyards where women sit spinning and sewing and nursing their babies. There are plants in tubs, and trellises, and vines, and always a pump to supply the household with water, for Koritza is proud of its water, which is very pure and fresh. In the business parts crowds of men fill the streets, and they carry all sorts of things—fish on a string, the entrails of sheep, dead mutton, live kids, the raw pelts of goats and cattle,

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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Women and the Moral Standard

361 sheep's heads, and every conceivable kind of foodstuff both
[562] animate and inanimate. Here the only women to be seen are peasants with loads of grass and fodder, or gipsies with bags slung across their shoulders and distaffs in their hands, for it is not considered respectable for women to walk in the main streets of the town, though in the more secluded parts you may occasionally meet high-heeled Mohammedan ladies whose veils do not quite hide the fact that they are smartly dressed in the European fashion.

562 One rarely sees men and women together in Albania, and
831 in consequence one gets the impression, rightly or wrongly, that the company of women is not valued, and that women are regarded only as household drudges and the mothers of children. Nevertheless—or perhaps on this account—the standard of morality is high both in Albania and throughout the Balkans, and breaches of the moral code are rare. In all uncivilised and half-civilised communities the same characteristic is observable, for a wife is regarded as property just as much as a sheep or a bullock or a house, and it is the primitive man's first instinct to keep his property inviolate. Doubtless the women as well as the men have come to regard this point of view as normal, and it is to this, together with a healthy fear of the consequences which any lapse must inevitably bring, that the chastity of the Balkan women is chiefly to be attributed, though a simple religious faith accepted without questioning may also play some part.
831 At all events, whatever the reason, the fact remains that the standard of conduct is, in this particular, higher in the

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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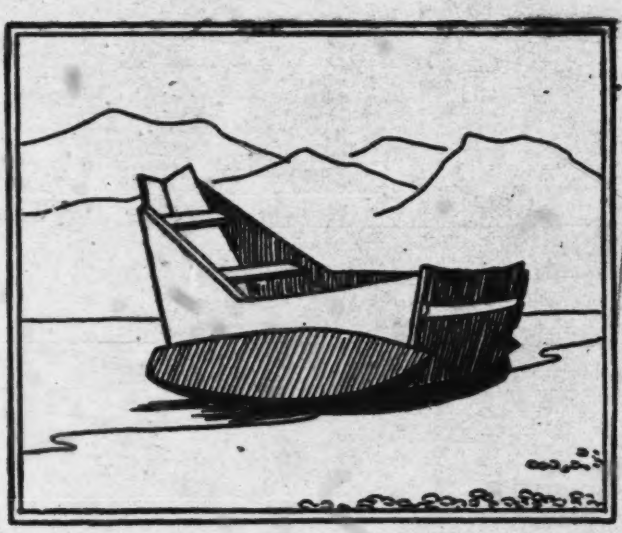
At Podgradetz

361 [226] Podgradetz is a pretty little town situated at the water's edge. Fishing is its main industry, the boats used being of a curious and cumbersome build unlike any craft I have seen elsewhere. It is also the distributing centre for local produce, and on market days is a lively little place, packed to the limit with peasants, donkeys, horses, mules, sheep,

[301]



A PODGRADETZ FISHING-BOAT

cattle, goats, sellers of this, buyers of that, sacks of wheat, maize, rye, rolls of home-made cloth, eggs, chickens, dairy produce, and all the various commodities necessary for the life of the district. On days other than market days it is, however, quiet enough, and there are few people about save some café loungers, half-a-dozen idle gendarmes, a few

2:Edmonds T-3 (1926?) 1927 E13 Balkan Peoples
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To the Land of the Eagle

361 shop-keepers, and children. The children have an ideal
857 existence—from the child's point of view. Down the centre of every street runs a little trickling stream of water in which they can play and mess about to their hearts' content, and there are no nurses to reprove them for making themselves wet or scold them for dirtying their clothes.

856 In Podgradetz, as elsewhere in Albania, the children are often quite pretty. Their good looks, however, seldom last to maturity—at least the good looks of the girls, who deteriorate so rapidly in appearance after about the age of sixteen that they seem to skip a whole period and become old women immediately.

000 While I was in Podgradetz I made the acquaintance of the schoolmaster and the doctor. The schoolmaster invited me into the school where he was giving the third and fourth classes—girls—an arithmetic lesson. Without any trace of shyness the children came out from the class one by one and did sums on the blackboard. They seemed bright and intelligent, and I was not surprised when the teacher told me that he had found the girls more intelligent and quicker than the boys.

The doctor, who also ran the chemist's shop, as is customary in these parts, was a cheery little man bursting with local patriotism. To use an Americanism, " he boosted his home town some ". He praised the water, the air, the scenery. He took me up a hill in rear of the town and showed me the view. " Is there anywhere in the world a finer prospect than this ? " he demanded. The local wine,

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CHAPTER XI

Elbasan—At the Fez-maker's—Factories or No Factories—An Albanian Schoolboy—Antiques—The Becktashi Monastery—The Strange Story of a Saint—A Remarkable Belief—The Giant Cypresses of Elbasan—The Inn—Osman the Art Critic—In the Restaurant—Concerning Patriotism.

361

GIPSY WOMAN

ELBASAN, an ancient Mohammedan city of 15,000 inhabitants, is a piece of Asia set down in Europe. The streets are narrow, and paved with the customary irregular cobblestones. The shops, of one storey only, appear to be saved from entire collapse by props, posts, and other temporary supports. The heavily-tiled roofs, which tumble about at all sorts of angles, suggest a rough sea petrified. The main square boasts a plane tree of tremendous girth—a veritable Methuselah of trees—in whose extensive shade sit country-folk with their various produce for sale beside them. Everyone who is anyone owns a shop, and the life of the place centres in the bazaar. The itinerant coffee-vendor, a man much in request, walks about all day with a

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Elbasan

443 circular tray on which are set out half a dozen long-handled
361 Turkish-coffee-pots, a few tiny cups, and a handful of glowing charcoal. As he goes he rattles a pair of tongs—the audible

THE GIANT CYPRESSES OF ELBASAN

sign of his trade. Elsewhere the ice-cream man with his bucket makes his own special appeal, crying his wares in a loud and raucous voice. Somebody is always bawling in the Elbasan streets.

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To the Land of the Eagle

361 the Elbasan streets. And there is always a noise of hammer-
438 ing.[1] The blacksmiths are at work—hammering. The tinsmiths are at work—hammering. The silversmiths are at work—hammering. The carpenters and joiners are planing, sawing, or hammering. The cobblers are stitching and hammering. Wherever you go your ears are assailed by the sounds of toil—honest, pleasant sounds far removed from the noises of a modern mill or factory. As I listened I thought of the thousands of folk at home who have to spend hours every day merely watching or feeding a machine—nothing to interest them, no pride in their work, no thought in their minds save escape at the end of the day. How much better off are these workers of Elbasan! And yet the Albanian is always grumbling because he has no factories. To have factories is the summit of his ambition. Factories—and then the millennium! If only he had factories! Factories! Then everybody would have work, everybody would have money, everybody would be thoroughly happy. So, in his folly and blindness, he thinks.

One has only to travel in countries where everything is made by hand to regret the invention of machinery. Economists, no doubt, will argue that it is wrong to do so. Machinery, they will say, enables work to be done quicker and cheaper, gives the worker leisure to improve his mind and to enjoy life, provides the means of trading with other countries, and adds to the wealth of the nation. It may be so. But that does not alter the fact that hand-made goods are always better than similar goods which are turned out by

[1] [In Elbasan -- Analyst]

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To the Land of the Eagle

saint can further their political aims, and, to me, at all events, the matter still remains a mystery.

In addition to the belief in the powers of St. John of Scutari—a belief which has a religious background—the local people hold other beliefs, some of which date back to very remote times. The graves of the babas are accounted holy, and are usually covered with cloths put there by pious persons who need assistance. And at a certain spot in the masonry of the ancient city wall there is a window or aperture at which it is customary for women who are unable to nurse their babies to place offerings of bread. When the wall was originally built, many centuries ago, a woman was sacrificed by being enclosed alive in the masonry at this particular spot. The sacrifice, quite a usual one in those days when any constructional work of importance was begun, was intended to propitiate evil spirits who might interfere with the progress of the work. On this occasion an opening was left, so the story goes, through which the unhappy woman might suckle her baby, and it is on this account that the place is supposed to possess the power of stimulating the flow of natural milk in those who make offerings there.

The tourist, should he penetrate so far, will find much to interest him in Elbasan, especially on market day, when it is packed with country folk in an astonishing variety of costumes. The surroundings are delightful. There are several parks and open spaces of which the most remarkable is a small square to the south of the town surrounded by

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The Inn

[361] 137 cypresses. These cypresses[1] are the biggest I have ever seen. I never imagined that such cypresses existed or could exist. Even the tall Douglas firs of British Columbia, which attain a height of 400 feet, did not impress me as much as did these giants with their masses of solid foliage and their gnarled and knotted trunks thirty feet in circumference. It is worth while making a special journey to Elbasan to see them. This row of towering trees, almost black, walling in the little square and flooding it with their dense shadow, made a deep impression upon me. I saw no finer sight in all Albania.

485 The hotel accommodation in Elbasan is about what one would expect. The little place at which I stayed consisted of a nondescript shop below, where rope, lemons, corn, sugar, maize, nails, crockery, and all sorts of odds and ends were on sale, and a floor above with a landing, a lavatory, and three rooms all crammed with beds. It was tolerably clean, and the folk who ran it—an old Mohammedan named Osman Arapi, a youth, and a small boy—did everything possible to supply the, to them, rather remarkable demands of an English guest. The room in which I lived was pleasant and well lit, and I always had it to myself during the daytime. At night the other beds were usually occupied, and I never knew whom my companions might be. They were always accommodating and agreeable, however, and I soon became used to the lack of privacy. The washing arrangements were crude, and consisted of a basin on a soap-box in the corridor, but elsewhere, if you were

[1] [in Elbasan -- Analyst]

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ooo —and its rapidity enabled me to accomplish in forty minutes a journey which had previously taken me six hours by car.

A remote Balkan country like Albania was the last place in which I expected to make my first flight, and I could not help thinking it remarkable that within a few days I should thus experience the two extremes of travel—the pack-horse and the aeroplane.

485 On this, my second visit to Scutari, I stayed at the Hotel Europa. From without it did not look attractive, as the larger part of it appeared to be either under repair or in course of demolition. But within I found it clean, and even —for an Albanian hotel—luxurious. I had a bedroom to myself, with a washstand, a wardrobe, and other articles of furniture to which I had for some time been a stranger. And, finally, I actually dared to sleep without socks on and to forego the elaborate barrage of insect powder without which I had found sleep impossible in the up-country inns.

● 361 Until recently, when the government migrated to Tirana for safety, Scutari was the Albanian capital and an important diplomatic centre. All the foreign legations were here, and there was a good deal of gaiety. Now, however, it is a dead-alive place with no social amenities such as there were in the old days. Personally I found the old town, which, with the ancient citadel, is about a mile away from Scutari proper, 291 by far the most interesting part. It has a bazaar thronged 361 with peasants in the picturesque costumes of the district, among whom are always to be found some of the gipsy or

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Belts and Cloaks

Rumanian women, with heavy black-striped and white-edged skirts and enormous silver-studded belts, whom I have previously described. I saw these belts being made. The foundation is leather, and into it are driven nails in so

THE FUSTANELLA (KILT) AS I EXPECTED TO SEE IT—

—AND AS I SAW IT

close a pattern that little of the leather remains visible. The belts are eight or nine inches wide and have a big lock. Their weight may be imagined, and yet the women were wearing them, in addition to the heaviest possible clothing, in a temperature which had driven me to take refuge in a suit of tropical linen.

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CHAPTER XIV

I leave Albania—Montenegro Once More—Pelim Tea—A Hold-up—More Politics—Cettinje to Ragusa—Local Beauties—Barber's Shops—The Austrian Riviera—The Mystery in the Church—Its Explanation—Money's Worth.

SCUTARI is situated, according to the map, at the head of Scutari Lake, and I had therefore expected to find an esplanade or riva with houses facing the water. Actually the lake cannot be seen from the town, and there is no waterfront except at Old Scutari, where a narrow inlet accommodates a few fishing-boats and where there is a small wharf. The reason for this became apparent when I left by the lake steamer on my way home. The shore is merely swamp, and the open water is approached by a tortuous channel which winds for a considerable distance amongst waterweeds, alder scrub and tall rushes. The lake at the Scutari end is, in fact, very shallow, and for a mile or so out looks much more like grass than water.

The morning of my departure was cloudy and wet, and owing to frequent rainstorms which obscured the view I did not see the lake at its best. I was the only passenger and had the little cabin to myself. Here I settled down, and for lack of other occupation wrote up my journal which was, as usual, several days in arrear. Some three hours after our departure we anchored off the north-east shore of

361 Peshkopia has grown rapidly because the international boundary commission of 1913 cut off the Dibra mountaineers from their natural market town of Big Dibra. Hence many of the Big Dibra men moved to Peshkopia, which is just inside Albania. In the same way Prizren was cut off from the Luma people, who built up Kukës; Jakova from the Malsia e Jakovës men, who also go to Kukës. On the western side no such disturbance has taken place. Scutari, Lesh, and Kruja now, as for centuries past, serve as market towns for the mountain people.

124 463 *Services*: Only 12 men are listed under "services." Two of these are innkeepers. One is a Puka man, host at Rrap, his native place. The other is an outsider, a Kruja man, whose inn is at Gur i Bardh in Mati. Kruja men specialize in innkeeping, and in the heyday of Ottoman power might be found all over the Turkish Empire, including Asia Minor. These *hanjis* marry in Kruja, and do not mix with the populations in the regions in which they do their business.

Three men were restaurant-keepers: one Koplik man, whose shop was presumably in Scutari, a Luma man, and a Malsia e Jakovës man, with shops in Kukës. The barber was a Malsia e Jakovës man, working in Kukës. Of the 2 waiters, one was a local man serving the gendarmes in their post at Puka, the other a Big Dibra man working in the hotel in Peshkopia, a new institution. Of the 3 listed as servants, all were local. One served the prefect and another the teacher in the new government center in Bureli. The third worked for a priest in Mirdita.

Of the 12 "services" listings, 9 can be accounted for as a result of recent political events.

[444] *Transport*: Transportation in Ghegnia in 1929 meant but one thing—the services of *kiragis*, those incredibly tough horse-drivers who would take you and your goods anywhere, and try to raise the price on the road, once you were at their mercy. Three out of 4 came from Dibra, and one from Malsia e Jakovës. As far as I know, all *kiragis*, like all *hanjis*, are Moslems.

[441] *Trade*: All merchants in the mountain country are shopkeepers; there are no large or complex commercial institutions. Of the 31 shop-

173 Turks, came from different places. The people of Toplana were driven to their present mountain stronghold from Vasojevitch in Montenegro about 1450, being pushed out by immigrants from Herzegovina. The ancestors of Plani came from 3 sources: Klementi, Merturi, and indigenous *anas*. Those of Kiri were from Kuchi and Ipek, in Montenegro. One hundred houses of Nikaj people are said to be descended from a daughter of Nikol by a gypsy, and are called Tsura. This is the only instance known of female descent, and indicates the relative social status of the alleged spouses.

The famous invasion of the Dukagin brothers, Shosh, Shal, Orosh, Spaç, and Kushnen, probably took place before the Bosniak migration.[20] Miss Durham derives them from the Pestriku mountains near Jakova, where they were part of the Ipek tribal confederacy. My informants named Marina *bairak* as their home. In Shala they are supposed to have found some small, dark people with whom they intermarried. A few of these *anas* stayed on, and there are said to be 8 houses of them at Abate in Lower Shala, while the rest immigrated to Dechani. The Mirdita brethren found the Dibri and Fan people ahead of them.

One tradition relates that the Dukagin *bairaks* of Mirdita did not stay long in their new home, but when the Turks had taken Scutari and were raiding the neighboring mountains, the settlers retreated to their ancient home, from which they did not return to Mirdita until around 1650. How true this is, and how many people, if any, it involved, cannot be determined.

We know finally that Jakova town was settled by people from various parts of the Gheg mountains, and the same is true of Ipek. These were cities of refuge, like earlier towns before them. More recent than any of these is the village of Vraka, a community of a thousand people lying between Koplik and Scutari. This is the residence of Serbian-speaking, Orthodox farmers whose ancestors fled from blood vengeance in various parts of Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia. They have not yet become absorbed, and with modern

[see p. 45a -- Analyst]

173 politics what they are, probably will not be. They serve our purpose of illustrating a principle of population movement in a feuding society.

This ends our history up to the final date of the ethnographic present as defined in chapter 1, "The Dinaric Problem."*

175 Turkish rule lasted in Albania until 1912. After the Balkan wars an opera bouffe kingdom was set up with the Prince of Wied as king, and the capital in Durazzo. During his uninspired reign an international boundary commission laid out the borders of the new state, and at every point where there was any question, Albania came out the loser. Gruda was given to Montenegro. The Grudans who survived this political change fled to Scutari. Hoti lost part of its land, particularly its winter pasture. The tribesmen of Klementi were so cut off that they could not drive their flocks to their winter pasture near Scutari without crossing Montenegrin territory, which would have been equivalent to losing their animals. The Serbs closed the border to mountaineers bringing their goods to Jakova to trade, and expelled many of the Albanians from both [114] that city and Ipek. They made it almost impossible to travel between Kukës and Prizren; in 1929 our party was held up a whole day while we were searched to the skin, ordered to read aloud all of our papers, accused of being renegade Croats, etc., and we finally got away only after a great deal of telephoning on the plea that one of us was dangerously ill. In Prizren we found the jail full of Albanians.

• [361] Dibra as well was lost as a market town. Kukës sprang up as a makeshift metropolis, as did Peshkopia. Tradesmen and artisans, as we have seen, stole over the border from Jakova, Prizren, and Dibra, to set up shop in the new places. The boundary commission could have created no more international hatred if this had been its principal objective.

World War I followed immediately after these unwise decisions, and the powderpuff king ran away. An army of Serbs, fleeing for their lives, marched across Dibra and Mati, burning and looting as they passed, to seek refuge on Corfu. Austrian troops, at their heels, occupied Scutari and the Malsia e Madhe, as well as the region of Kukës. They built

*[See cat. 116, p. 56 -- Analyst]

124 has to face in the field. Half the Luma sample came from Biçani, which comprises over half the tribe. As one can readily see, these Moslems marry within their own *bairaks* most commonly.

614 634 In Puka it is manifest that Kabash and Çeret form each a single *fis*. Berisha, the oldest known *fis* in Ghegnia, has a companion *fis*, Thach, in its *bairak*, with which it sometimes marries. Buxhon and Iballja each have more than one *fis*, as do Puka and Mal i Zi. On the whole the *bairaks* of Puka, whether single or multiple as regards *fis*, are exogamous. Since marriage across the Drin is frequent, many of the men from Buxhon, Berisha, and Iballja may have had mothers from the Lower Pulati section of Dukagin.

We were able to get a complete list of the *fis* in the tribe of Puka, except for Mal i Zi, as follows:

1. *Kabash*, *bairak* and *fis*. Three hundred houses, located in Kabash, Puka, and Iballja.
2. *Marin*, a *fis* of 30 houses in Puka village of Puka *bairak*.
3. *Guian*, a *fis* of 3 or 4 houses only, in Puka village.
4. *Kashnet*, 20 houses, Puka *bairak* only.
5. *Shkrella*, 20 houses, Puka *bairak*, related to the Shkrelli people in Malsia e Madhe.
6. *Krasniq*, with obvious affiliations. 10 houses, Puka village.
7. *Shala*, with obvious affiliations, 60 houses, Puka *bairak*.
8. *Thach*, this is the only *fis* in Buxhon, and one of two in Kabash, the other being Kabash *fis*.
9. *Berisha*, *bairak* and *fis*, a single unit.
10. *Kcheira*, a *fis* in Çeret.
11. *Shosh*, with obvious affiliations, a *fis* in Çeret.
12. *Çereti*, also a *fis* in Çeret.

614 634 361 In Mal i Zi there are said to be many other *fis* besides these 12. The above list shows 7 different *fis* in the single bairak of Puka, with 3 of them limited to a single village. This situation reflects the location of Puka village

[1] Kashnet and Guian of Puka also appear here. Vik, Mesouli, seem to be others.

614 634 361

at a natural stopping point on the Roman road, where other trails come in. It is also a trading center, and one of administration. Its geographical position has brought in people from many places, and it stands in striking contrast to the more isolated *bairaks* of the same tribe, which in some cases have only one *fis* each. If Mal i Zi has many *fis* as well, that is because it too is conveniently located on the road.

In Mirdita exactly the opposite situation is found; the 3 *bairaks* of Orosh, Spaç, and Kushnen all belong to one *fis*, although one village in Orosh is eligible for marriage with these Dukagini. This village was once part of [124] Kthella. Two of our subjects were the sons of women from this village. Fan and Dibri marry both with Dukagini and within their own *fis*, of which there are several.[1] In our series Kushneni married only Dibri, which was nearest; Fan mostly Orosh, for the same reason. One blank bears the astounding information that its subject was the son of an Orosh father and a Kushnen mother. This is undoubtedly some kind of a mistake, possibly similar to the situation noted above.

614 634

Zadrima is only one *bairak*, all Catholic except a few small villages nearest Scutari. Despite its lowland habitat it retains its tribal organization, as well as its Gheg speech, and hence was included in this series. We did not obtain a record of its *fis*.

All 4 *bairaks* of Mati contain 2 or more *fis* each. The 3-part Catholic *bairaks* in the north form an intermarrying group and married with Mirdita extensively in the old days. In the time of our series, Lura was in blood with the Mirdites and the exchange of wives had been broken off. Very rarely do these northerners intermarry with the men of Mat. If this job were to be done again, the 3 northern *bairaks* should be given separate consideration for they are a genetic unit apart from Mat. The northerners are frequently tall, the Mat men almost uniformly short. In Dibra the 4 *bairaks* were almost wholly endogamous, and again separate treatment would be profitable. If we had measured 600 more men, the series would have been a better one.

342 I am not in a position to conclude as to the correctness of his results. In any case, the arguments put forward (p. 51) by Nopcsa in its support, cannot be considered as strong in my opinion. In the first [192] place, the word p l a s, which in Albanian means palace, may have originated from ancient Dalmatian. But the Latin word «palatium» has been naturalised in the Greek countries already since the Augustan days, and this does not prove that there was any Latin influance upon their building modes, as neither the word «δοκίτιον» (alb. shpit) originating from the Latin word h o s p i t i u m, has any relation to Roman architecture.

Housing types impressed on medieval coins of some Albanian towns can be but little proof since, according to his own remark, houses such as the one represented on a coin of Scodra (end of 14th century) can be found even to-day in the area of Delvinon in Epirus; namely, they are connected with Greek monumental architecture.

342 712 This question will be better clarified, in my opinion, by the examination of another housing type, the Kula, which is widely spread in Albania.

The house in Albania does not serve as a protection against weather only, but it should also provide security against enemies. This double purpose obliges the Albanians to build even less comfortable houses, if these are to enable their inhabitants to enjoy a peaceful night and, if needed, to defend themselves in case of emergency from them. In Nothern Albania the most primitive system of defence at home consists in a mere hiding place, built with solid materials within the very house. This shelter is usually of 2.5 m. long and 1.5 m. high and it is covered with slabs of stone. The place is entered through an opening of 0.75 m. square, so that the entire [513] shelter does not differ in appearance from an oven. The head as well as male members of the family spend their nights in this shelter.

It is evident that the use of such a kind of quarters cannot continue over a long time. For this reason, even when they were to build a most primitive single-room house of stone, Albanians have tried to [361] obtain security by other means, i.e. by keeping the enemy as far from their houses as possible. The means to this aim are: building of the house in a secluded spot on a highest possible site, but not too far away from the fields, so that inhabitans may be able to reach their house in the shortest possible time in case of emergency; small windows, arranged in such a way as to afford covering fire on all approaches; a strong roof, difficult to reach, in order to

buildings, fortress-like structure and small windows. House types thus serve as a clear index to the amount of feuding in any particular area. Where veranda houses prevail, conditions are fairly peaceful. This factor explains the almost mutually exclusive distribution of kulas and veranda houses in mountain areas, although how far this is borne out in lowland areas, I am unable to say. 341 578

Location and Types of Settlements. In the mountain regions west of Lake Scutari to Lake Ohrid one finds single farmsteads comprising one or two buildings. Only in the plains and at the foot of the mountains does one find Cvijić's Ibar type of settlements (Nopcsa, 1925: 6). This type is characterized by widely spaced, dense hamlets (Cvijić, 1918: 219). In southern Albania the village form is variable but agglomerated villages with crooked roads predominate (Cvijić, 1925: 224, Map IV). 361 [133] [341] [491]

House Types. Buildings of wickerwork and plaster are found only in the coastal plains, and even there they are rare (fig. 47). In the extreme north one finds houses of boards or logs. Most buildings are of stone; one finds some use of dry masonry, but generally mortar is used. Stone is preferred because it gives protection from fire and gunshot. In south and central Albania bond timbers are inserted into the stone walls; this pattern is lacking in northern Albania. The combination of stone foundation and wooden second story, found in Serbia, Bosnia, Rumania and Siebenburgen is missing in Albania (Nopcsa, 1925: 30). 342 184 [171]

Roofing may be of straw, shingles, slate, stone slabs or tiles. The simplest buildings in the mountains have roofs of corn stalks. Tiles are common both in the coastal and mountain regions. Roofing of stone slabs is widely distributed; most dairy houses in the high mountains are covered in this manner (Nopcsa, 1925: 31-32). High shingled roofs, common in Bosnia and eastern Montenegro, are found only in the extreme north of Albania. Gabled roofs predominate north of the Drin River; south of it one finds hipped roofs. Widely projecting eaves are absent. The kulas may have low pyramidal roofs and occasionally desk roofs. In general, roofs tend to be flat. When the roof is hipped, the chimney tends to be in the center of the short side (Nopcsa, 1925: 31-32). Chimneys are not typical. [171]

The simplest type of house is the one-room log house with a low roof of short thick shingles. Cracks in the wall are stuffed with moss. Windows are lacking, and light enters through the open door and openings in the roof. The open fireplace has hung over it a deflector of boards plastered with mud; smoke escapes through the roof (Nopcsa, 1925: 33). 342 [354]

In the coastal regions of northern Albania, reed is abundant and walls are made of woven reeds. The roof is likewise of reeds. These buildings are generally plastered on the outside. Occasionally the roof is of unfired bricks (Nopcsa, 1925: 35). [824] [184]

17: Thurnher E-4 (no date) 1956 EF6 Serbs EF6
Yugoslavia EF1
Albania EG1
Rumania ED1
Bulgaria EE1

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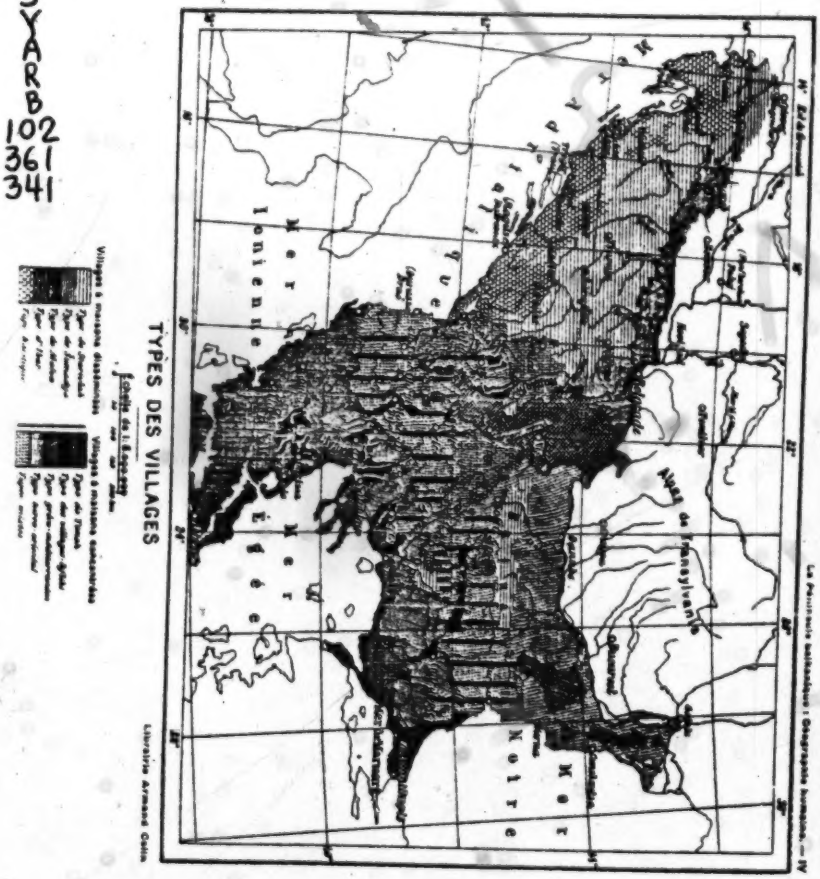

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